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Monthly Miscellany ;

For AUGUST, 1776.

A Description of Chatsworth-House, with a beautiful Perspective View annexed.

CHatsworth-house is a magnificent seat of the duke of Devonshire, and is called one of the Wonders of the Peak of Derbyshire, in a valley amidst precipices. Not far off, on the east side, rises a prodigious high mountain, thick planted with beautiful trees. On the top of this mountain mill-stones are dug; and here begins a moor, which extends fifteen or sixteen miles due north. On the plain which extends from the top of this mountain, is a large body of water, which takes up near thirty acres; receiving from the ascents round it all the water that falls, which, through pipes, supplies the cascades, water-works, ponds, and canals, in the curious gardens below. Before the west front, runs the river Derwent, which, though not many miles from its source, is a rapid river; especially upon hasty rain, or the melting of snow. Over it is a stately stone bridge. The front to the garden is a regular piece of architecture: the frieze, under the cornice, has the motto of the family upon it in gilt letters, so large as to

take up the whole front, though the words are but two, *cavendo tutus*, which is no less applicable to the situation of the house than the name of the family.

The gardens abound with green-houses, summer-houses, walks, wildernesses, orangeries, with all the proper enrichments of statues, urns, &c. Mary queen of Scots was seventeen years in custody in this house. Marshal Tallard, who had been entertained at this house a few days by the duke of Devonshire, paid it the following compliment: "When 'I return,' said he, 'into my own country, and reckon up the days of my captivity, I shall leave those out that I spent at Chatsworth.'"

Thoughts on Prayer, Devotion, and Devotees.

THE soul, by lifting itself up through prayer to the source of its being, loses its dryness and languor; receives a new birth therefrom, is re-animated, becomes more elastic, and receives a new life. It takes another existence independent of the passions; or rather, it is no more

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more itself, but wrapt up in the immense being it contemplates; and disengaged a few moments from its shackles, is less inconsolable to put them on again, by this trial of a more sublime state, which it hopes one day will be its own.

There is no good which may not be converted into a blameable excess; even devotion turns to madness. Whence proceed the extasies of devotees? By prolonging the time allowed for prayer beyond what human weakness can bear, the soul is exhausted, the imagination kindled, they become inspired, prophetic, and neither sense nor genius can any longer guard from enthusiasm.

If we abuse prayer and become mystical, we are lost by endeavouring to exalt ourselves. By seeking grace we renounce reason. To obtain one favour from Heaven, we tread under foot another. By obstinately praying to be enlightened, we deprive ourselves of those lights it has already given us.

Serving God does not consist in passing one's whole life on our knees in prayer, but in fulfilling on earth our respective duties, and performing, with a view of pleasing our Creator, every thing belonging to the state in which he has placed us. We should first do our duty, then pray when we can.

Devotion is an opiate to the soul. Its moderate use enlivens, animates, and supports it; too large a dose stupefies, or renders it furious.

We should not set up devotion as an affected outward shew, and kind of employ, which dispenses with every other: we should also abstain from that mystical and figurative language, which nourishes in the heart the chimeras of imagination, and substitutes sentiments drawn from terrestrial love, and proper to awaken it, in the room of the true love of God. The more tender the heart, and lively the imagination, the more we should

avoid whatever tends to move them, For how can we see the resemblance of a mystical object, if we do not also see the sensual object? and how can an honest woman venture to imagine with assurance, objects which she dare not behold?

Devotees by profession have a certain borrowed character, which renders them insensible to humanity. It is this excessive pride which makes them behold the rest of the world with pity in their exalted state. If they vouchsafe to humble themselves to do some act of goodness, it is in so humiliating a manner, their justice so rigid, their charity so cruel, their zeal so bitter, their contempt resembles hatred so nearly, that the insensibility itself of the world is less barbarous than their pity. The love of God serves as an excuse to love no one else; they do not even love one another. Was ever an instance of true friendship met with amongst false devotees? The more they detach themselves from mankind, the more they require from them: and it might be asserted, that they lift themselves up to God, only to exercise his authority on earth.

The Life of EUGENE ARAM, from the Biographical Magazine, an ingenious Work, now publishing in Monthly Numbers.

Eugene Aram, a person remarkable for being a prodigy of learning, considering his education, and possessing superior abilities that were degraded by an enormous crime; was born at Ramsgill, a little village in Netherdale, Yorkshire, and went to school near Rippon, till he was capable of reading the New Testament, which was all he was ever taught, except a long time after, when he received about a month's instructions from a clergyman. At the age of thirteen or fourteen, he attended

attended his father, who was a gardener at Newby, where his propensity to literature first discovered itself. Mathematics first engaged his attention, and he soon understood quadratic equations, and their geometrical constructions. At sixteen years of age he became book-keeper to a tradesman in London; and after staying here a year or two, went to Bondgate, where he renewed his mathematical studies, but soon afterwards, with avidity, to poetry, history, and antiquities, the charms of which quite destroyed all the heavier beauties of numbers, whose application and properties he now pursued no longer, except occasionally in teaching. After some time he was invited into Netherdale, his native air, where he first engaged in a school, and there married.

Prompted by an irresistible thirst of knowledge, he determined to make himself master of the learned languages. He got and repeated all Lilly's Grammar by heart. He next undertook Camden's Greek Grammar, which he also repeated in the same manner. Thus instructed, he entered upon the Latin Classics, and at first hung over five lines for a whole day; never, in all the painful course of his reading, leaving any passage till he thought he perfectly comprehended it. Having accurately perused all the Latin Classics, both historians and poets, he went through the Greek Testament, and then applied to Hesiod, Homer, Theocritus, Herodotus, Thucydides, and all the Greek tragedians. In the midst of these literary pursuits, he went, in 1734, on the invitation of William Norton, Esq; to Knarsborough, where he became much esteemed; and here, with indefatigable diligence, he acquired the knowledge of the Hebrew tongue. In April, 1744, he came again to London, and taught both Latin and writing, at Mr. Painblac's, in Piccadilly, above

two years. He next went, in the capacity of writing-master, to a board-school at Hayes, in Middlesex, kept by the Rev. Mr. Anthony Hinton. He at length succeeded to several other places in the south of England, making use of every opportunity for improvement. He was afterwards employed in transcribing the acts of parliament to be registered in Chancery, and about the beginning of December, 1757, went down to the free-school at Lynn. From his leaving Knarsborough to this period, which was a long interval, he had attained the knowledge of history and antiquities, and also of heraldry and botany. Few plants, either domestic or exotic, were unknown to him. Amidst all this, he ventured upon the Chaldee and Arabic, but had not time to obtain any great knowledge of the latter. He found the Chaldee easy enough, on account of its connection with the Hebrew. He then investigated the Celtic, as far as possible, in all its dialects; began collections, and made comparisons between that, the English, the Latin, the Greek, and even the Hebrew. He had made notes, and compared above three thousand words together, and found such a surprising affinity, that he was determined to proceed through the whole of all these languages, and form a comparative Lexicon. He was also far from being a contemptible poet.

With this immense stock of learning, acquired without the assistance of a master, and the most extraordinary talents, which might have made him shine in any station of life, it is to be lamented that he was guilty of an action inconsistent with every principle of humanity; for in the year 1758, he was taken up at Lynn, in Norfolk, for the murder of Daniel Clark, a shoemaker of Knarsborough, who had been missing upwards of thirteen years, and removed to York castle, where being brought to his

trial, on the third of August, 1759, he read a most admirable defence, in which he displayed equal modesty, good sense, and learning; but was found guilty, and the next morning confessed the justness of his sentence, acknowledging to a clergyman, that his motive for committing the murder, was his suspecting Clark of having unlawful commerce with his wife. When he was called from bed to have his irons taken off, he refused to rise, alledging that he was very weak. On examination it was found that he had attempted to take away his own life, by cutting his arm in two places with a razor. 'Tis weak, he was conducted to the gallows of York, and there executed.

It is remarkable, that when he was usher to the Rev. Mr. Hinton, at Hayes, (which was after he had committed the murder for which he suffered) if he saw a snail, or a worm, on a path or gravel walk in the garden, he always carefully removed it to prevent its being destroyed; hoping, as Mr. Hinton supposes, to atone for the murder he had perpetrated, by shewing mercy afterwards to every kind of animal.

The Life of Dr. ARBUTHNOT, from the same.

DR. John Arbuthnot, one of the most celebrated wits in the reign of Queen Anne, and an eminent Physician, was the son of an episcopal clergyman in Scotland, nearly allied to the noble family of that name. He was educated in the university of Aberdeen, where he took the degree of doctor of physic. The Revolution deprived the father of his church preferment; and necessity obliged the son to seek his fortune abroad, tho' he was possessed of a small paternal estate. He came to London, and it is said, he first taught the mathematics for his support. About this

time, viz. in the year 1695, Doctor Woodward's Essay towards a Natural History of the Earth was published, which contained such an account of the universal deluge, as Dr. Arbuthnot thought inconsistent with truth; he therefore drew up an examination of it. This work, entitled, "An Examination of Dr. Woodward's Account of the Deluge, &c. with a Comparison of Steno's Philosophy and the Doctor's, in the Case of Marine Bodies dug up out of the Earth, &c." was published in 8vo. 1695, and procured our author no small share of literary fame. His extensive learning, and agreeable conversation, introduced him by degrees into practice, and he became eminent in his profession, so that, in 1709, he was appointed physician in ordinary to Queen Anne, and admitted a fellow of the college. His gentle manners, polite learning, and excellent abilities, procured him the acquaintance and friendship of the celebrated wits, Pope, Swift, and Gay; and, in the year 1714, he engaged with the two former of these in a design to write a satire on the abuse of human learning in every branch, which was to have been executed in the humorous manner of Cervantes, the original author of this species of satire, under the history of feigned adventures. But this project proved abortive by the fatal incident of the Queen's death, when they had only drawn out an imperfect essay towards it, under the title of the first Book of the Memoirs of Martinus Scriblerus. Dr. Warburton tells us, that the Travels of Gulliver, the Treatise of the Profound, of literary Criticism on Virgil, and the Memoirs of a Parish Clerk, are only so many detached parts and fragments of this work. The same writer declares, that polite letters never lost more than by the defeat of this scheme, in which each of this illustrious triumvirate would have found exercise for his own

own peculiar talent, besides constant employment for that which they all had in common. Arbuthnot was skilled in every thing which related to science, Pope was master of the fine arts, and Swift excelled in the knowledge of the world: wit they had all in equal measure, and that in so eminent a degree, that no age, perhaps, ever produced three men to whom nature had so bountifully bestowed it, or art brought it to higher perfection.

The Queen's death, and the disasters which befel his friends on that occasion, sunk deeply on our author's spirits; and, to divert his melancholy, he paid a visit to his brother, a banker at Paris. After a short stay in that metropolis, he returned to London; and, having lost his former residence at St. James's, took a house in Dover-street. In 1727, he published *Tables of ancient Coins, Weights, and Measures* in quarto. He continued to practise physic with great reputation, and amused himself in his leisure hours with writing papers of wit and humour. He contributed, in 1732, towards detecting and punishing scandalous frauds and abuses that had been carried on under the specious name of the *Charitable Corporation*. The same year he published his excellent *Essay concerning the Nature of Aliments, the Choice of them, &c.* which was followed the next year by the *Effects of Air on Human Bodies*. He was ap-

parently led to the subjects of these treatises by the consideration of his own case, an asthma, which gradually increasing with his years, became at length desperate and incurable. In the year 1734 he retired to Hampstead, in hopes of procuring some small relief for his disorder; but he died at his house in Cork-street, Burlington-gardens, in Feb. 1735.

Mr. Pope, in a letter to Mr. Digby, dated September 1, 1722, tells him, that the first time he saw the doctor, Dean Swift observed to him, that he was a man that could do every thing but walk. He appears to have been, in all respects, a most accomplished and amiable person. He has shewed himself equal to any of his contemporaries in humour, vivacity, and learning; and was superior to most men in the moral duties of life, in acts of humanity and benevolence. His letter to Mr. Pope, written as it were upon his death-bed, discovers such a noble fortitude of mind at the approach of his dissolution, as could be inspired only by a clear conscience, and the calm retrospect of an uninterrupted series of virtue. In the 1751 came out, in two volumes octavo, printed at Glasgow, the miscellaneous Works of the late Dr. Arbuthnot, which are said to comprehend, with what is inserted in Swift's *Miscellanies*, all the pieces of wit and humour of this admirable author.

Dr. Arbuthnot detested villainy; as a proof of which we shall give the following Epitaph, which was written by him, and is universally admired.

Here continueth to rot

The body of FRANCIS CHARTRES,
Who, with an inflexible Constancy,
And inimitable Uniformity of Life,
Persisted,

In spite of Age and Infirmities,
In the Practice of every human Vice,
Excepting Prodigality and Hypocrisy:
His insatiable Avarice exempted him from the first,

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His matchless Impudence from the second,
 Nor was he more singular
 In the undeviating Pravity of his Manners,
 Than successful
 In accumulating Wealth;
 For, without Trade or Profession,
 Without Trust of public Money,
 And without bribe-worthy service,
 He acquired, or more properly created,
 A ministerial Estate.
 He was the only Person of his Time,
 Who could cheat without the mask of Honesty,
 Retain his primeval Meanness
 When possessed of Ten Thousand a-year,
 And having daily deserved the Gibbet for what he did,
 Was at last condemned to it for what he could not do.
 Oh! indignant Reader!
 Think not his Life useless to Mankind!
 Providence connived at his execrable Designs,
 To give to After-ages
 A conspicuous Proof and Example,
 Of how small Estimation is Exorbitant Wealth
 In the Sight of God,
 By his bestowing it on the most unworthy of All Mortals.

To the Editor of the *Monthly Miscellany*.

SIR,

THE following extraordinary account I find related in an extract of the Reverend Mr. John Wesley's Journal; but as many of the circumstances (for I suppose him capable of preserving the memory of so unsupported a story) exceed the common lengths of credulity, I did at least look to find it delivered in such terms of doubt and suspicion as he must needs think were justly due to it: this not being the case, I take the liberty of sending the same, which I have copied *verbatim*, to you, Sir, to be inserted in your useful Magazine; if haply by that means it may obtain a more particular confirmation, and thence deserve better credit with,

Sir, Yours, &c.

An Occasional Correspondent.

"Tuesday 19. Before I left Newcastle I heard a strange relation which I knew not what to think of. I then desired T. Lee, who was going to the place, to enquire particularly concerning it. He did so, and in consequence of that enquiry, wrote me the following account:

"R——— lived about twelve miles from Newcastle. His son some time since married without his consent. At this he was so enraged, that he wished his 'Right arm might burn off if ever he gave or left him sixpence.'

"* However, in March last, being taken ill, he made his will, and left him all his estate. The same evening he died. On Thursday 10, his widow laying her hand on his

* The account may be seen in vol. xxx. numb ix, p. 163. et seq. of the Works of the Rev. J. Wesley.

back, found it warm. In the evening, those who were with him went into the next room to take a little refreshment. As they were eating, they observed a disagreeable smell, but could find nothing in the room to cause it. Returning into the room where the corpse lay, they found it full of smoke. Removing the sheet which covered the corpse, they saw (to their no small amazement) the body so burnt, that the entrails were bare, and might be seen through the ribs. His right arm was nearly burnt off, his head so burnt, that his brains appeared, and a smoke came out of the crown of his head like the steam of boiling water. When they cast water on his body it hissed just as if cast on red-hot iron, yet the sheet which was upon him, was not singed, but that under him, with the pillow-bier and pillow, and the plank on which the body lay were all burned, and looked as black as charcoal.

“ They hastened to put what was left of him into the coffin, leaving some to watch by it; but after it was nailed up, a noise of burning and crackling was heard therein. None was permitted to look into it till it was carried to Abchester churchyard. It was buried near the steeple. As soon as it was carried to the grave the steeple was observed to shake. The people hastened away, and well they did, for presently part of the steeple fell; so that had they stayed two minutes longer, they must have been crushed to pieces. All these were related to me and my wife by those who were eye and ear witnesses.” Thus far the history.

If this account is not too like an imitation of those Pagan priests who forged their Ancilia to secure the sacred shield which fell from heaven, or can be incontestibly proved, what solution will Philosophers find out to enable them to own the miracle without shuddering?

Extract from the *Temple of Mammon*.

THE Poet begins with describing, in a vision, the Temple of Mammon; after which he speaks of the God himself in the following manner:

“ HIGH on a throne, apart, was
Mammon rais'd,
That o'er all earthly thrones superior
blaz'd:
More wealth, more treasure, was de-
voted here
Than superstition ever paid to fear.
Eyeless he sat, and idol-like enshrin'd,
Cripp'd he seem'd before, and wing'd
behind*:
With a rich diadem his head was
bound;
Beneath his feet were globes and
scepters found;
Garters and stars, and all those bril-
liant things,
Ambition's trappings, and the pride
of kings.
Two hideous forms † awaited his
commands,
Briareus like, but with a thousand
hands;
Both skill'd in all the arts of smooth
address,
One to corrupt, the other to oppress;
To teach whole senates wisely to be-
guile,
And public villains murder with a
smile.
Around the Godhead these obsequi-
ous move,
And constant as the satellites of Jove.
The temple shook throughout;—
at Mammon's call
Th' expectant crowd, tumultuous,
fill'd the hall,
Thick, as when locusts, warping
from the east,
The labours of some fruitful clime to
waste;

* Alluding to the observation that riches are slow in their approach, and swift in their departure.

† Bribery and taxation.

The

The dreadful host disastrous darkness brings,
And all the air is beat with hostile wings.

A motley fight their various garbs appear,
As when the forests Autumn's liv'ry wear.

Various their speech; yet, as from ev'ry tongue,

"Hear us, Oh! Mammon," thro' the temple rung:

But some, more loudly, join'd in this request,

"Oh! Grant to make us richer than the rest."

Now, in full majesty, the God appear'd,

And bade the diff'rent orders to be heard.

Rude was the press; and here you might behold

The chief pre-eminence conferr'd on gold.

First, to the shrine crept forth a fordid train,

How to amass sore vex'd with mental pain;

Pallid and gaunt, they seem'd as out of breath,

And, like the poor Arachne, spun to death.

In the low whine of poverty pre-ferr'd,

These mutter'd Oraisons were scarcely heard:

"Great Giver of all good, increase our store,

"We beg but little,—and a little more.

"Servants and slaves to thee, alone, we break

"The very ties of nature for thy sake."

The God approv'd, and as he lib'ral pour'd

His treasures forth, as thankless they devour'd:

Through scornful hissing, these departing went

With all, but what he could not give, Content.

Kings now advanc'd, in bright regalia dress'd;

And to the God their sev'ral vows express'd.

One nobly asks, "Confer thy aid on me,
"To make my people happy, great, and free;"

With low servility, another craves
The pow'r to bribe his subjects into slaves.

These sov'reign suppliants, bending to the throne,

Confess his pow'r superior to their own;

That o'er mankind a tyrant Mammon reigns,

And, at his pleasure, scatters crowns and chains.

Next mov'd an awful band, who hold the helm

Of state, and legislators of the realm;

So plac'd, so pension'd, and so titled o'er,

Methought such mighty ones could seek no more.

Their patents new, reversionary grants

Were all too little for their many wants:

A further boon they court, to him appeal

For their vast service to the public weal;

These, save a few, in Mammon's int'rest join'd,

Were to his impious Ministers consign'd;

A patriot few, who, for their country, strive

To keep a spark of virtue yet alive;

And one § who scorn'd an idol's pow'r to own,

Bold and erect, stood forth before the throne;

Not to implore the Deity he came,
But public virtue's bright reward to claim;

This glorious motto sparkling on his breast,

"I sav'd my country"—mark'd him from the rest.

§ Lord Chatham.

Now

Now forward press'd, the Brethren of the Law,
And round the throne a sable phalanx draw;
Pleadings and pleas importunate were join'd,—
Happy had Mammon been as deaf as blind!
Their subtle eloquence engag'd his ear;
For honest reasoning had no int'rest here;
That for his sake, perverting oft the laws,
They strove to make the worse the better cause;
That acts were fram'd and constru'd as they list,
And Senates, void of them, could not exist;
That they dispos'd of property and life,
And Mammon's pow'r arose from civil strife.
The God decreed, (such able friends obtain'd)
Should in his service ever be retain'd.
Physicians pleaded next their watchful care,
The breaches of intemperance to repair.
Here, mix'd pretenders, who their merit place
In size of wig, and mystery of face:
Except in worming fees, but little skill'd,
Their patients, they at random, cur'd or kill'd.
There sages stood, who labour'd to regain
Health from disease, from misery, and pain;
When for her dissolution sore afraid,
These study'd nature, and afforded aid;
Oft they reviv'd, restor'd the parting breath,
And snatch'd the arrow from the hand of death.
Such as thus deeply skill'd, the God for these,

[Monthly Miscel.]

Allots increase of fame, increase of fees."

An original CARD on a late supposed AMOUR, from the AUTHOR to his female Friend at Bath.

THE Confederacy, Madam, your Provok'd Husband thought The False Friend capable of, occasioned me a Journey to London, to settle The Mistake; and am happy to find The Orphan, your daughter, prove The Fair Penitent. When Love for Love, Madam, is the game, it is The Way of the World, from The Puritan to The Wild Gallant, to play deep. This, as The Man of Reason, I must condemn, as being All in the Wrong: therefore, as 'tis The Lady's last Stake, pray caution The good Girl against a Relapse. You perhaps may think me a Busy Body in the affair; but I am The Friend, and shew it most in being a Plain Dealer. And knowing The Gallant to be not only The Inconstant, but so much The Man of Mode, as to be making a Bold Stroke for a Wife, I would not have The Maid of Bath become The Dupe of a Beaux Stratagem.

P—t—m.

July 29.

Yours,

As You Like it.

V.

ON HAPPINESS.

WE are ignorant of what happiness, or absolute evil, is. Every thing is mixed in this life, where we taste no one pure sentiment, nor remain two moments in the same state. The affections of our souls, as well as the modifications of our body, are in one continual tide. Good and evil are common to all, lent in different measures. The most happy is he who suffers the fewest pains; the most miserable is he who feels the least happiness. A ways a greater share of trouble & than enjoyment! behold the lot com-

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mon to all.—The happiness of man here below, is then but a negative state; and should be measured by the least quantity of evils that he suffers.

Every sentiment of pain, is inseparable from the desire of being delivered therefrom. Every idea of pleasure, is inseparable from the desire of enjoying it. All desire supposes privation; and all the wants which we feel are painful. Our miseries consist then in the disproportion of our desires and faculties. A sensible being, whose power was equal to all its desires, would be absolutely happy.

In what then consists human wisdom, or the road to true happiness? Not precisely in lessening our desires; for if they were within our power, a part of our faculties would remain idle, and we should not enjoy the whole of our being. Neither is it in extending our faculties; for if our desires extended all at once, to the utmost pitch, we should become thereby only the more miserable: but it consists in lessening the excess of our desires over our powers, and placing our powers and will in a perfect equality. It is then only, that all the sources being in action the soul nevertheless will remain tranquil, and man find himself well disposed.

It is thus that nature, which has done every thing for the best, at first constituted man. She at first gave him only those desires which were necessary for his preservation, and those powers which were sufficient to satisfy them. She placed all the others as it were in reserve, in the bottom of his heart, to be developed as occasion required. The equilibrium of power and desire are only met with in this primitive state; and it is in this state alone that man is not unhappy. So soon as his virtual faculties come into action, the imagination, the most active of all, is kindled and outstrips

them. It is the imagination which extends the measure of possibilities, whether good or evil, and consequently excites and feeds the desires with the hope of satisfying them; but the object which at first appeared within one's reach, flies faster than we can follow it: when we think to attain it, it changes its shape, and seems a great way off. No longer seeing the space we have already traversed, we set it down as nothing. What remains to pass over becomes greater, and extends without ceasing; so that we are exhausted without arriving at the goal: and the more we gain on enjoyment, the farther happiness is removed from us. On the contrary, the nearer man keeps to his natural condition, the less is the difference between his faculties and his desires, and consequently he is less removed from being happy. He is never less miserable, than when he seems destitute of every thing; for misery does not consist in being without things, but in the necessity which makes us sensible of the want of them.

The real world has its limits; the imaginary world his infinite. Not being able to enlarge the one, we retrench the other; for it is from their difference only that all the sufferings arise which render us truly unhappy. Take away strength, health, the testimony of a good conscience, all the blessings of this life consist in opinion. Take away bodily pain and remorse of conscience, all our ills are imaginary.

All animals have exactly the faculties which are necessary to preserve them; man alone possesses superfluous ones. Is it not very strange that this superfluity is the instrument of his misery? In every country the arm of man produces more than is necessary for his subsistence. If he was wise enough to reckon this superfluity as nothing, he would always have what is necessary, because he would

never

never have too much. Favorinus says, great wants arise from great blessings; and often the best method of procuring those things we want is to take away those we have. It is from endeavouring to increase our happiness, that we change it into misery. Every man who would desire only to live, would live happy; consequently would be a good man: for what advantage would it be to him to be wicked?

The most certain sign of true content is a retired and domestic life; and it may reasonably be concluded, that those who perpetually seek their happiness from others are not so themselves.

We judge of happiness too much by appearance; we suppose it to be where it is most seldom found; we seek it where it cannot be; mirth is a very equivocal sign thereof. A merry man is often an unhappy wretch, who seeks to delude others, and drown his own thoughts. These people, so full of mirth, so open, so serene in company, are almost always dull and peevish at home, and their servants bear the punishment of the amusement they give their company. True content is neither gay nor wanton: jealous of so delightful a sensation, in tasting it, we reflect on it, we relish it, we fear it should evaporate. A man, truly happy, seldom speaks and seldom laughs. He, to use the expression, keeps happiness a prisoner in his heart. Noisy diversions, and turbulent pleasures, conceal disgusts and chagrin; but melancholy is the friend of pleasure. Compassion and tears accompany the most delightful pleasures; and excessive joy itself rather occasions tears than smiles.

If the multitude and variety of amusements, seem at first to contribute to happiness, if the uniformity of still-life seems at first tiresome, by examining it closer, we on the contrary find, that the most delightful

habit of the soul consists in a moderation of enjoyment, which leaves little room for desire or disgust. The uneasiness of desire produces curiosity and inconstancy: the vacuum of turbulent pleasures produces weariness.

We possess happiness when we are willing to have it; it is opinion only that makes every thing difficult, which drives happiness away from us; and it is an hundred times more easy to be happy, than to appear so.

Virtue is the most certain road to happiness; if we arrive at it, it is the more pure, more solid, and more sweet, through it: if we miss of it, virtue alone can make us a recompense.

What are sensual men about, who multiply so indifferently their sufferings through their pleasures? They annihilate their existence, by extending it on earth; they increase the weight of their chains, by the number of their attachments; they have no enjoyments which do not occasion a thousand bitter wants; the more they feel, the more they suffer; the farther they plunge themselves into life, the more wretched they become.

Every thing which appertains to the senses, and is not necessary to life, changes its nature as soon as it becomes a custom: by becoming a want it ceases being a pleasure: it is at once a chain we have loaded ourselves with, and an enjoyment we have deprived ourselves of; and always to prevent our desires, is not the way to content but extinguish them. The most noble object we can propose to ourselves in this case, is to remain master of ourselves; to accustom our passions to obedience, and reduce all our desires to rule. It is a new method of being happy; for we cannot enjoy, without uneasiness, any thing but we can lose without pain; and if true happiness is the property of the wise man, it is because of all

mankind he is the person from whom fortune can take the least.

All conquerors have not lost their lives; all usurpers have not failed in their enterprizes: many appear happy to minds prejudiced by vulgar opinions, but he who, without regarding appearances, judges of men's happiness by the state of their hearts, will see their misery in their very successes; he will see their desires and cares encreasing with their fortune; he will see them lose their breath in advancing without ever reaching the goal; he will observe them like those unexperienced travellers, who, the first time of passing the Alps, think to have cleared them at every mountain, and, when they are at the top, find to their discouragement higher mountains still before them.

He who could do every thing without being God, would be a miserable creature; he would be deprived of the pleasure of desiring, every other want would be more supportable: whence it follows, that every prince who aspires to despotism, aspires to the honour of dying of chagrin. Search throughout the whole world for the most discontented person, and you will find in every kingdom the sovereign to be the person, especially if absolute. It is a great deal of trouble to make so many miserable; could not he make himself unhappy at less expence.

Beggars are miserable because they are always beggars; kings are miserable because they are always kings; middling conditions, which we can easiest change, offer pleasures above and below their state: they extend also the lights of those who feel them, by affording them more prejudices to be acquainted with, and more degrees to compare together. And, in my opinion, this is the principal reason that we find the most happy and most sensible men in the middling stations of life.

While we are ignorant of what is our duty, wisdom consists in remaining in inaction. This of all maxims, is that which man has the greatest occasion for, and which he the least knows how to follow. To search for happiness, without knowing in what it consists, is to expose ourselves: to fly it, is to run as many risques as there are paths to be bewildered in; but it is not every body that knows how to be inactive. In the uneasiness which the desire of being happy keeps us in, we chuse rather to deceive ourselves in pursuing it, than to remain in inaction; and having once departed from the place in which we might taste it, we know not how to return more thereto.

The source of happiness is not entirely either in the object desired, nor in the heart which possesses it; but in the connection between one and the other. And as all objects are not proper to produce felicity, so all states of the heart are not proper to feel it: if the most pure soul does not suffer alone to its own proper happiness, it is still more certain, that all delights of the earth cannot make a depraved heart happy; for there is on both sides a necessary preparation, a certain concurrence wherein results the precious sentiments fought by every sensible being, and always unknown to the pretended wise man, who stops at momentary pleasure, for want of being acquainted with a durable happiness.

Sketch of the Political Character of Lord Mansfield.

According to the professed plan of this Essay, I am obliged to take up this Nobleman's political and parliamentary character in the year 1766. We find him, in the spring of that year, for the first time since his taking his seat in the House of Lords, separated from Administration;

tration: and opposing the measures which were supposed to be conducted by the Marquis of Rockingham, then at the head of the Treasury. The question on which his Lordship and several others, not supposed to be inimical to the general measures of Government, differed from the King's servants, was, on the propriety of the repeal of the Stamp Act. We do not recollect whether he openly or violently opposed the repeal; but he certainly voted against it. The celebrated Protest, which followed the Repeal, was said to have been drawn up under his Lordship's immediate inspection, and was looked upon at the time as one of the most able performances in that way, ever entered in the records of Parliament. His uniform and steady conduct ever since, in the same line, leaves no doubt but he entirely approved of all the measures which soon after followed a change of Ministry. In 1767, we find him supporting the Port duties, proposed in the other House by the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

In 1770 we again find him supporting the partial repeal of those duties, and continuing the duty on tea, the immediate cause of all our present disputes. It is on this great ground of the measures relative to America, that we are enabled to decide on his Lordship's political character. His Lordship disapproved of the repeal of the stamp act, because he looked upon it to be a tacit relinquishing of the supreme authority of this country over America.

When, therefore, Lord Rockingham and his friends went out, and left the declaratory law as a salvo for the honour and deserted power of Great Britain, he united with administration in thinking, that the act for laying on the Port duties would be the means of breathing a soul into the declaratory act, which, without it or some other species of acquiescence

and active acknowledgment on the part of America, must remain lifeless, nugatory, and ineffectual; and when the duties on paper, painters colours and glass, as being commodities of native manufacture, were found to be repugnant to the interests of commerce, he approved of the repeal of those particular duties.

The other parts of his political conduct, so far as the same related to measures carried on in parliament, seem to have rather proceeded from an uniform support of government, than any particular sentiments of his own, unless connected with the system pursuing or meant to be pursued towards America. Among the latter were all the bills of coercion against America, in which the Quebec act may be well included. Those several measures he defended as they presented themselves, so ably and particularly; nay, in some instances, so very minutely, as to enter into the defence of the grammatical construction of several of the clauses; that his opponents in argument frequently charged him with being the original framer and father of them; but this we cannot by any means suppose, his Lordship having repeatedly disclaimed in debate the least previous knowledge of their contents, or of having attended the business of the cabinet for a considerable time before the period here adverted to. We shall conclude the political character of this consummate statesman, by observing, that he has never yet deserted his principles; and that he has built all his arguments and reasonings, and drawn all his conclusions on this single supposition, that America has, from the beginning, aimed at independency; and that the farthest the people of that country will ever be prevailed upon to consent to but by force and compulsion, will be an acknowledgment of the personal supremacy of the King of Great Britain, detached in that in-

stance

stance from and unconnected with his parliament.

His Lordship's abilities as a Parliamentary Speaker require the hand of a master to do them justice. The writer, conscious of his own inability, therefore attempts only an hasty and incorrect outline. His Lordship is certainly one of the greatest orators this country ever beheld.—His powers of discrimination are equalled by none of his cotemporaries. His memory is so tenacious and correct, that he scarcely or ever takes notes; and when he does, he seldom has recourse to them. His references to expressions which have fallen in the course of the debate, or his quotations from books are so faithful, that they may be said to be repeated verbatims.

The purposes to which he employs these amazing talents are still more extraordinary: If it be the weak part of his opponent's argument he refers to, he is sure to expose its fallacy, weakness, or absurdity, in the most poignant satire, or hold it up in the most ridiculous point of view. If, on the contrary, it be a point on which his adversaries lay their chief stress, he states the words correctly, collects their obvious meaning, considers the force of the several arguments that have or may be raised upon them, with a precision that would induce an Auditor to almost suppose he had previously considered the whole, and thrown his thoughts upon paper on the subject; and that his speech was the result of this previous consideration.

His judgment is no less sound upon many occasions, than his genius is extensive and penetrating; for as he pours forth at pleasure strains of the most bewitching and persuasive oratory, so his dexterity in bringing every thing offered on the other side within a narrow compass, and either entirely defeating its intended effect, or breaking its force, is hardly credi-

ble, but by such as have heard him. On the other hand, his Lordship is often rather superficial, subtil, and persuasive, than solid, logical, and convincing. He is fond of sounds and appearances, and avails himself of his great oratoric powers, by courting the passions.

No man knows better to direct his attack towards the pre-conceived prejudices of the majority of his auditors. He seems much more solicitous to persuade them that they are not acting wrong, than to convince them that they are acting right.

His Lordship's genius seems to direct him this way; in short, the quickness and sensibility of his eye, the animation of his countenance, the sweetness and diversity of his voices, the graces, strength, and harmony of his elocution, all unite to render him the first orator in either House; but *sic transit gloria mundi*, his voice, enunciation, and spirits, to say no more, seem to be very sensibly on the decline; the evening of his abilities, as well as of his life, begin to make their appearance at a distance, and his Lordship's most solid enjoyments will shortly be the consciousness of a life devoted to the interests of his country, and the happiness of human kind.

Anecdote of Hough, formerly Bishop of Worcester.

HE was remarkable for his sweetness of temper, as well as every other Christian virtue, of which the following story affords a proof.—A young gentleman, whose family had been well acquainted with the Bishop, in making the tour of England, before he went abroad, called to pay his respects to his Lordship as he passed by his seat in the country. It happened to be dinner time, and the room full of company: the Bishop, however, received him with much

much familiarity, but the servant in reaching him a chair threw down a curious weather-glass, of considerable value, and broke it. The gentleman was under infinite concern, and began to excuse the servant, and make an apology for being himself the occasion of the accident; when the Bishop with his usual good nature interrupted him, "Be under no concern, Sir, (said his Lordship smiling) for I am much beholden to you for it. We have had a very dry season, and now I hope we shall have rain, for I never saw the glass so low in my life." Every body was pleased with the humour and pleasantry of the turn, and the more so, as his Lordship was then turn'd of eighty, a time of life when the infirmities of old age make most men peevish and hasty.

Original Anecdote.

A Lady who had been attended by a very eminent physician a considerable time, and to whom she had always given, each visit, a couple of guineas, began to think it too much, as his visits were daily; accordingly, the next time after, she only gave him one guinea, on which the Doctor thought he had let one fall, and therefore began to look about the room for it; the lady asked him if he had lost any thing, to which he replied he had dropped a guinea. "No Doctor," said she, "'tis I that have dropped a guinea."—The Doctor took the hint, but though the lady had dropped a guinea, he did not drop his visits to her.

Some Reflections on Travelling.

IN order to travel with advantage, the traveller ought to have had a liberal education at home. He ought to be well acquainted with his own country, which will enable him to compare it with others: for without a proper foundation, it will be impossible for him to reap any knowledge that may repay his trou-

ble, loss of time, and expence. Nothing is good or bad, beautiful or disagreeable, but by comparison; and the more ideas we can combine and compare, so much the more satisfaction and intelligence we acquire, and of course we are perpetually increasing the number of our ideas, and enlarging the scale of our intellectual pleasures.

It is absolutely necessary for a traveller to understanding, and to converse fluently in all the languages of the countries he visits; without this he must always remain in a state of solitude and ignorance.

It has been supposed that the French language is universally understood, and may suffice to an European traveller, but this is a mistake; for I appeal only to the English people, whether that language will enable a man to make the tour of England with profit and pleasure, and whether, when they find a foreigner who has taken the pains to acquire a critical knowledge of the English language, and who has read the works of the best authors in it, they do not experience a secret partiality for him, and are more ready to communicate any information he may require, than if, with a supercilious contempt of a language and of books he does not understand, he attempts to force his own upon them.

To travel with propriety, one ought to adopt the language, the manners, the dress, and the customs of the country one is in; and even to listen patiently, and without contradiction, to the religious and political opinions which are occasionally started in conversation, however different from one's own.

The lower class of people in every country understand only their native tongue; and as a traveller must necessarily make use of them, either as landlords, postillions, or tradesmen, none of which species are much qualified

blished to think or reflect, it will evidently appear that he will be liable to numberless insults and impositions, from his ignorance of their language; and, on the contrary, his knowledge of it will immediately conciliate their esteem, and create a respect which may often be advantageous to him, especially if his behaviour is not haughty; for these people, when they find a traveller who is willing to divest himself of (what they may suppose) his dignity, and to place himself on a level with them, partaking of their amusements, and imparting his superfluous conveniences to them, will be ready to do every thing in their power to serve him; whereas by a contrary behaviour, even his own life may often be endangered.

If a traveller will but reflect, that however elevated his rank, however respectable his connexions, or however great his fortune may be in his own country, when he is abroad he stands only on his own ground, often without any possibility of claiming any friends or protectors; he will then be sensible of the necessity of meriting friends and protectors among the natives, who may occasionally prove of infinite service, notwithstanding their inferiority, and who are sometimes willing to forgive any little inadvertencies to foreigners, rather than to their own countrymen.

With regard to the expences of travelling, a few observations may be made, which are not intended for those whose immense fortunes may place them above all rules of economy; to such every thing will be permitted, as they appear to form a distinct class from the rest of mankind; but as they are not numerous, luckily their example can have little influence on the conduct of the majority of travellers, whom we shall suppose to be possessed only of moderate fortunes.

Such a one may travel in a carriage and pair, attended by a servant; he may see every thing, frequent all public places and diversions, appear well dressed, keep a chariot, and valet de place, in those cities where he resides for some time, and may associate with the best company throughout Europe, for about eight hundred pounds per ann. at a medium; as in some countries the expences are greater, and in others less.

The cost of pictures, books, statues, &c. which the traveller may be willing to purchase, is evidently not to be included in the above sum; neither any extravagances from gaming, or expences incurred from intimacies with women.

With regard to trivial charges, fifty or sixty pounds per ann. judiciously expended, will establish a reputation for generosity, from which the traveller may derive many advantages.

It is proper for every traveller, immediately after his arrival in a foreign capital, to wait on the ambassador, or minister, from his own country; if he brings introductory letters, or is personally acquainted with the ambassador, it will be of much service in his intercourse with the natives; should he have no letter of introduction, he cannot claim the protection of the ambassador, if he has not made himself known to him.

There are many qualifications which, however trifling they may appear, will be found of great service to travellers. A moderate skill in the use of the sword, guns, and pistols, may happen to be necessary; and it would not be amiss frequently to practise fencing, and shooting at a mark. By practise, likewise, the traveller may acquire the art of measuring spaces by a regular method of walking or pacing, and of judging tolerably of inaccessible heights of distances.

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Much convenience will result from being constantly booted, and ready to ride on horses, mules, or asses, when on the road, as many interesting objects are situated in places to which wheel-carriages cannot convey one; and also from both the master's and servant's being able to drive a carriage either on horseback, or on the box, in case of accidents happening to the driver; besides, by thus doing, and by walking occasionally, the pleasures are varied.

After arriving in any city, the traveller may begin with making the tour of it, ascending the highest edifice, and the highest neighbouring ground. Thus, with the assistance of a plan, where any is to be had, he will obtain a distinct idea of such city; afterwards he may purchase any books and prints relative to it. He may even derive much intelligence from calenders and newspapers, there printed; and complete his knowledge of the place, by viewing every thing which he finds described, and by information acquired from his association with the inhabitants.

Every talent which the traveller possesses will be found to produce a new pleasure: for if a man has a taste for botany, agriculture, natural history, music, painting, sculpture, architecture, &c. it is evident that he can be gratified in the highest degree by travelling, and continually increase his knowledge in every one of those branches. Of these, music will be found the most amusing, as it is capable of pleasing a great number of persons at a time. Besides, if the traveller is well skilled in practical music, it will not only be productive of an innocent happiness in his solitary moments, but will procure him an introduction into many agreeable societies, from which, without such a talent, he must probably have remained excluded.

[*Monthly Misc.*]

After the knowledge of the languages, a skill in drawing, with a slight notion of geometry, trigonometry, and perspective, will be found very necessary qualifications for a traveller, by means of which he will be enabled to take plans and views, and to delineate curious natural or artificial objects. For these purposes he should always be provided with a small telescope, a pocket microscope, a barometer, maps, &c. and all the implements for drawing and writing.

Much caution is required in many almost uninhabited parts of Europe, with regard to a traveller's appearance; and it will be found the safest way to wear a plain dress, and upon no account to display any jewels, watches, trinkets, or money, nor to assume any airs of consequence.

It may not always be prudent to deliver the introductory letters with which the traveller is furnished, without previous informations relative to the persons to whom they are addressed; which must be left to his own discretion.

It will be experienced that the inhabitants of the southern climates are in general jealous of their mistresses, but not of their wives; and that the women are there (and indeed every where else) much easier to get at, than to get rid of, except by leaving the place. There are seldom or ever any females in the inns or shops of those countries; but as the traveller will have frequent opportunities of meeting with those who are far from being inexorable, it may just be hinted, that the fewer connexions he forms with them, the better it will be for his constitution, his quiet, and his purse.

Neither ought the traveller too familiarly to associate with very young men in any country, as it might involve him into many difficulties. But above all, let him remember, that

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he may every where much more readily obtain his ends, and keep out of danger, by patience, fair words, and gentle means, than by impatient violence and opprobrious language ; so true is the saying of Henry the 4th of France,

*Parole douce, et main au bonnet
Ne coute rien, et bon est.*

To the Editor of the Monthly Miscellany.

S I R,

LAST Sunday I went to Richmond, accompanied by my little Family, in order to enjoy the pleasure of walking in his Majesty's Gardens there. As we went by water, we could not positively ascertain the time of our arrival at Richmond; and, notwithstanding our watermen assured us they should conduct us there by one o'clock, the fact is, we did not land there till three. Being an utter stranger at all the inns, and having frequently heard of the extravagant bills presented to their visitors by the principal houses, frugality pointed out to us one of the inferior inns (if it deserves that title) known by the sign of the F—. From the very humble appearance of this house, we expected some attention would have been paid to us by those who inhabit it; and that we should escape the exorbitant bills which are proverbially attributed to Richmond. But how great was my surprize! The landlady wore a countenance truly acid; which, added to the natural plainness of her visage, made horror more horrible. Her behaviour was consistent with her diabolical appearance; and, to crown the whole, her bill *out-royed* the *Loy*. We were charged three shillings and six-pence

for two small eels; and for a plate of cold boil'd beef, which I am ready to make oath (according to the best of my opinion and belief) did not weigh three quarters of a pound, the beautiful and conscionable landlady charged us two shillings and sixpence.

Many other particulars I reserve for a future letter, which I shall trouble you with, if you think the subject and the parties are not too contemptible to deserve your notice.

Yours, C. J.

On I D E A S.

THE manner of forming ideas, is what gives a character to the human mind: the mind which forms its ideas on real reports only, is a solid mind; that which is contented with apparent reports, is a superficial mind; that which fees reports as they are, is a just mind; that which sets an improper value on them is a false mind: he who invents imaginary reports, which have neither reality, nor probability, is a fool; he who doth not compare them at all is a simpleton; the greater or less aptness in comparing ideas, and finding reports, is what constitutes genius in men.

Simple ideas, are only sensations compared; there are judgments in simple sensations, as well as in complex sensations, which I call simple ideas. In sensation, the judgment is purely passive; it affirms we feel, that which we feel. In perception, or idea, the judgment is active, it brings together, compares, and determines the reports which the senses do not determine. See all the difference, but it is great. Nature never deceives us, we always deceive ourselves.

*Of Pleasure and Amusements.**Translated from the French of Mr. Rousseau.*

EXclusive pleasures are death of pleasure.

The art of seasoning pleasures is to be covetous of them.

To abstain from enjoyment is the epicurism of reason.

Pleasure is not lawful, even in marriage, except the desire is mutual.

Sensible minds never like noisy pleasures, the vain and barren happiness of thoughtless people, who think that in arowaing life consists its enjoyment.

The variety of desires, arises from the variety of our knowledge, and the first pleasures we know, are a long while the only ones we seek.

The pleasure we would have in the eyes of others, is lost to all. We neither possess it ourselves, nor do others possess it.

The true amusements, are those we partake with others, those we would confine to ourselves alone, we no longer have.

The ridicule which opinion fears about every thing, is always its attendant to tyrannize and punish it. We are never ridiculous, except by set forms. He who knows how to vary his situation and pleasures, effaces to day the impression of yesterday; he is like nothing in the minds of men, but he enjoys himself, for he is compleat at every hour, and in every thing.

All that appertains to the senses, and is not necessary to life, changes its nature; as soon as it becomes a custom it ceases being a pleasure; by becoming a want, it is at the same time a chain, with which we have deprived ourselves. To prevent our desires always, is not the way to content, but extinguish them entirely.

Let us change our taste with our years, nor displace the ages any more

than the seasons. We should be ourselves at all times, and not struggle against nature; these vain efforts waste life, and prevent our making a proper use of it.

*Of the THEATRE.**Translated from the same.*

WE should go to the Theatre, not to study manners, but taste: it there especially discovers itself to those who are capable of reflection. The theatre is not formed for truth, but to flatter and amuse mankind: there is no school where we learn so well the art of pleasing and interesting the human heart.

The study of the theatre leads to poetry; they have both of them exactly the same object.

The mischief the theatre is charged with, is not precisely that of inspiring criminal passions, but of disposing the soul to too tender sentiments, which we afterwards satisfy at the expence of virtue; the delightful emotions we feel there; have not themselves a determined object, but occasion the want of one. They do not absolutely inspire us with love, but they prepare us for it: they do not chuse for us the person we should love, but they force us to make this choice. Were it true, that lawful passions only are displayed at the theatre, does it thence follow, that their impressions are more weak, their effects less dangerous? as if the lively images of an innocent affection, were less delightful, less seducing, less capable of warming a sensible heart, than those of a criminal love, to which the dread of the crime serves as a counter-poison, when the Patrician Manilius was banished from the senate of Rome, for having kissed his wife in the presence of his daughter; to consider this action in itself only, what harm was there in it? none at all doubtless, it even shewed a laudable sentiment;

but the chaste fires of the mother, might inspire impure ones in the daughter; it was, therefore, an honourable action to make an example of corruption. Behold the effect of lawful love in the theatre.

If the hero's of some pieces, subject love to their duty, by admiring their strength, the heart falls in with their weakness. We learn less to attain their courage, than to place ourselves under the necessity of wanting it. It is a greater trial for virtue; but he who ventures to expose himself to such trials, deserves to fall. Love takes the masque of virtue to surprize it; embellishes itself with its enthusiasm, usurps its strength, affects its language; and we perceive our error too late to recover ourselves. Many men of noble birth, seduced by these appearances, from tender and generous lovers, have by degrees become vile corruptors, without morals, without respect for the conjugal duty, without regard for the rites of confidence and friendship! Happy he, who recollects himself at the brink of the precipice and escapes falling. Can we expect to stop in the midst of a rapid course? Is it by growing tender every day that we learn to support love? A trifling inclination is easily overcome; but he who truly loves, and has been able to overcome his passion, ah! let us pardon this mortal, if such an one exists, for daring to pretend to virtue.

If it is true, that amusements are necessary for mankind; they should at least be permitted, as far only as they are necessary, for every useless amusement is a misfortune to a being whose life is so short, and time so precious. Man has his pleasures, which are derived from his nature, and arise from his labours, connections, and wants; and these pleasures are the sweeter, as he who tastes them has his mind most sound; and they render every one who knows how to enjoy them, almost insensible to all

others. A father, a son, an husband, a citizen, have such dear duties to fulfil, that they leave them no room for weariness; but it is discontent with ourselves, the weight of idleness, and the forgetfulness of simple and natural reliques, which render a foreign amusement so necessary. I do not like our having occasion to attach our hearts incessantly to the stage, as if we were uneasy within ourselves. Nature itself dictated the answer of the barbarian, who, when they boasted to him of the magnificence of the *circus*, and established games at Rome, asked, "Have the Romans neither wives nor children?" The barbarian was right. We think only of meeting together at the playhouse; and it is there we go to forget our friends, our neighbours, and relations, to interest ourselves about fables, bewail the misfortunes of the dead, or laugh at the expence of the living.

The steady prudent man, always consistent with himself, is not easily imitated on the theatre; and if he were so, the imitation being less varied, would not be agreeable to the generality; they would, with difficulty, be interested in a resemblance which is not their own, and in which they found neither their manners nor their passions. The human heart is never identified with objects, which it finds absolutely foreign to it. Thus, a skilful poet, who is acquainted with the art of succeeding, to please the people in general, carefully avoids shewing them the sublime image of an heart, master of itself, which hears the voice of wisdom only; but charms the spectators with characters always contradictory, who will and who will not, who make the theatre resound with their cries and moans; who force us to bewail them, even when they do their duty, and to think that virtue is a sad thing, since it renders its friends so miserable. By this method, with the most easy
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and most different imitations, the poet moves and flatters the spectators most.

This custom of subjecting to their passions the persons we are made to love, alters and changes in such a manner our opinions with respect to laudable matters, that we accustom ourselves to honour weakness of soul, under the name of sensibility, and to treat those in whom the rigidity of their duty bears the sway on every occasion over their natural affections, as hard hearted men, and void of sensibility; on the contrary, we esteem as persons of a good natural disposition, those who affected to the quick with every thing, are the eternal sport of events; those whom an extravagant friendship renders unjust to serve their friends; those who know no other rule than the blind propensity of their hearts; those who always praised by the sex which subdues them, and which they imitate; have no other virtues than their passions, nor any other merit than their weakness: thus consistency, strength, constancy, love of justice, and the empire of reason, become insensibly hateful qualities, and vices which we decry. Men are esteemed for every thing which renders them worthy of contempt, and this overthrowing of sound opinions, is the infallible effect of the lessons we receive from the theatre.

In whatever light we view the theatre, in tragedy or in comedy, we always find that every day becoming through amusement, more susceptible of love, anger, and every other passion, we lose all our ability to resist them when they assail us in earnest; and that the theatre, by animating and fomenting in us those dispositions which it ought to restrain, makes those rule which should obey; far from rendering us better or more happy, it renders us worse and more unhappy still, and makes us repay, at our own expence, its care to please and flatter us.

Reason alone is good for nothing on the stage. A man without passions, or who governs them all, would interest nobody; and it has been already remarked, that a stoic in tragedy would be an insupportable character; in comedy, it would at most only occasion laughter.

Love is the empire of women, they there give law, because, according to the order of nature, resistance belongs to them, and men cannot overcome this resistance, but at the expence of their liberty. One effect of the pieces, where love bears the sway, is to extend the empire of the sex, to make women and girls preceptors of the public, and to give them the same power over the spectators, that they have over their lovers. Can it be imagined, that this order can be free from inconveniency, and that by increasing with such care the ascendancy of women, men will be better governed?

The same cause, which in our tragic and comic pieces gives the ascendancy to the female sex over men, gives it also to young people over the old, and is another overthrowing of natural relations, which is not less reprehensible: since they always interest us for lovers, it follows, that persons advanced in age, always form subordinate characters, or serve as an obstacle to the wishes of young lovers, and are in this case hateful; or are in love themselves, and are then *ridiculous*. *An old soldier is ridiculous*: in tragedies, they are made tyrant or usurpers; in comedies, jealous, usurers, or insupportable fathers whom every body conspires to deceive; such is the honourable view in which age makes its appearance on the stage; such is the respect it inspires young people with for it; thanks to the illustrious author of *Zara and Nanine*, for having excepted from this contempt, the venerable *Lusignan*, and the good old *Philip Hombert*. There are some others beside;

beside; but is this sufficient to stop the torrent of public prejudice, and efface the disgrace in which most authors are pleased to shew the age of wisdom, experience, and authority? What doubt can there be, but the custom of seeing old people always in odious characters on the stage, assists to make us reject them in society, and by accustoming us to confound those we see in the world, with the dotards in comedy, makes us equally despise them.

In Congress, July 4, 1776.

A Declaration by the Representatives of the UNITED STATES of AMERICA, in General Congress assembled.

WHEN in the course of human events it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume among the powers of the earth the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self-evident; that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. That to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; and whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it, and to institute new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness. Prudence indeed will dictate

that governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes; and accordingly all experience hath shewn, that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed, but when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to reduce them under absolute despotism, it is their right; it is their duty, to throw off such government, and to provide new guards for their future security. Such has been the patient sufferance of these colonies, and such is now the necessity which constrains them to alter their former systems of government. The history of the present King of Great Britain, is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations; all having in direct object the establishment of an absolute tyranny over these states. To prove this, let facts be submitted to a candid world.

He has refused his assent to laws, the most wholesome and necessary for public good.

He has forbidden his governors to pass laws of immediate and pressing importance, unless suspended in their operation till his assent should be obtained; and when so suspended, he has utterly neglected to attend them.

He has refused to pass other laws for accommodation of large districts of people, unless those people would relinquish the rights of representation in the legislature; a right inestimable to them, and formidable to tyrants only.

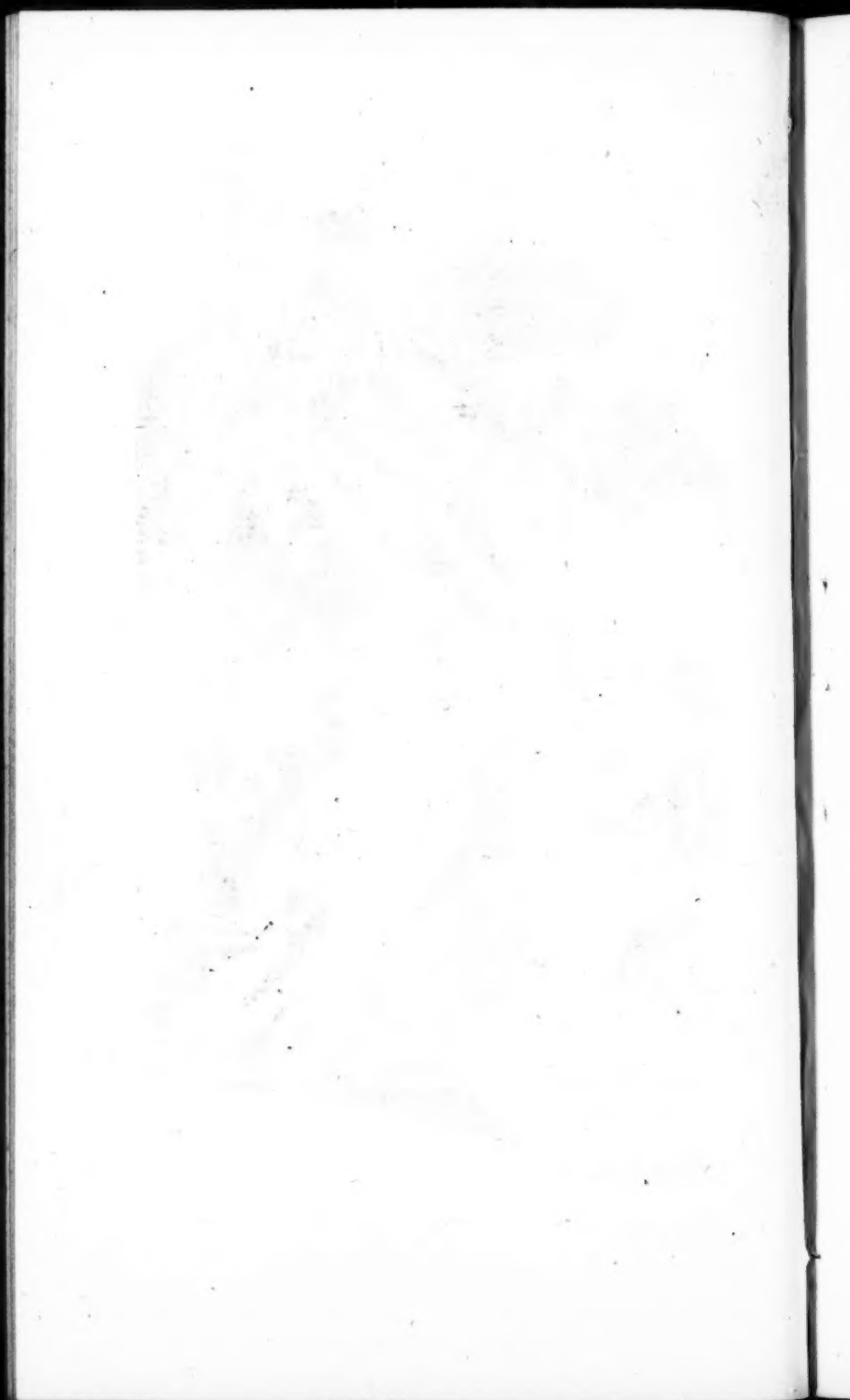
He has called together legislative bodies at places unusual, uncomfortable, and distant from the depository of their public records, for the sole purpose of fatiguing them into compliance with his measures.

He has dissolved representative houses repeatedly, for opposing, with manly firmness, his invasions on the rights of the people.

He



*Bunkers hill, or the blessed effects of Family
quarrels.*



He has refused for a long time, after such dissolution, to cause others to be erected; whereby the legislative powers, incapable of annihilation, have returned to the people at large for their exercise; the state remaining in the mean time exposed to all the dangers of invasion from without, and convulsions within.

He has endeavoured to prevent the population of these states; for that purpose obstructing the laws for naturalization of foreigners, refusing to pass others to encourage their migrations hither, and raising the conditions of new appropriations of lands.

He has obstructed the administration of justice, by refusing his assent to laws for establishing judiciary powers.

He has made judges dependent on his will alone, for the tenure of their offices, and the amount and payment of their salaries.

He has erected a multitude of new offices, and sent hither swarms of officers to harass our people, and eat out their subsistence.

He has kept among us, in times of peace, standing armies, without the consent of our legislatures.

He has affected to render the military independent of, and superior to, the civil power.

He has combined with others to subject us to a jurisdiction foreign to our constitution, and unacknowledged by our laws; giving his assent to their pretended acts of legislation:

For quartering large bodies of armed troops among us;

For protecting them, by a mock trial, from punishment for any murders which they should commit on the inhabitants of these states:

For cutting off our trade with all parts of the world:

For imposing taxes on us without our consent:

For depriving us, in many cases, of the benefit of trial by jury:

For transporting us beyond seas

to be tried for pretended offences:

For abolishing the free system of English laws in a neighbouring province, establishing therein an arbitrary government, and enlarging its boundaries, so as to render it at once an example and fit instrument for introducing the same absolute rule into these colonies:

For taking away our charters, abolishing our most valuable laws, and altering fundamentally the forms of our governments:

For suspending our own legislatures, and declaring themselves invested with power to legislate for us in all cases whatsoever.

He has abdicated government here, by declaring us out of his protection, and waging war against us.

He has plundered our seas, ravaged our coasts, burnt our towns, and destroyed the lives of our people.

He is, at this time, transporting large armies of foreign mercenaries, to complete the works of death, desolation, and tyranny, already begun with circumstances of cruelty and perfidy, scarcely paralleled in the most barbarous ages, and totally unworthy the head of a civilized nation.

He has constrained our fellow citizens, taken captive on the high seas, to bear arms against their country, to become the executioners of their friends and brethren, or to fall themselves by their hands.

He has excited domestic insurrections amongst us, and has endeavoured to bring on the inhabitants of our frontiers, the merciless Indian savages, whose known rule of warfare is an undistinguished destruction of all ages, sexes, and conditions.

In every stage of these oppressions we have petitioned for redress, in the most humble terms; our repeated petitions have been answered only by repeated injury:—A Prince, whose character is thus marked by every act which may define a tyrant, is unfit to be the ruler of a free people. Nor

Nor have we been wanting in attention to our British brethren. We have warned them, from time to time, of attempts, by their legislature, to extend an unwarrantable jurisdiction over us. We have reminded them of the circumstances of our emigration and settlement here. We have appealed to their native justice and magnanimity, and we have conjured them by the ties of our common kindred to disavow these usurpations which would inevitably interrupt our connections and correspondence. They too have been deaf to the voice of justice and of consanguinity. We must, therefore, acquiesce in the necessity which denounces our separation, and hold them, as we hold the rest of mankind, enemies in war, in peace friends.

We, therefore, the representatives of the United States of America, in general congress assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the World for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the name and by the authority of the good people of these colonies, solemnly publish and declare, that these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent states, and that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British crown, and that all political connections between them and the state of Great Britain is and ought to be totally dissolved; and that as free and independent states, they have full power to levy war, conclude peace, contract alliances, establish commerce, and to do all other acts and things which independent states may of right do. And for the support of this declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honour. Signed by order, and in behalf of the Congress.

JOHN HANCOCK, President.
Attest, CHARLES THOMSON,
Secretary.

For the Monthly Miscellany.

Description of the Copper-Plate annexed, entitled Bunker's Hill; or the Blessed Effects of Family Quarrels.

IT is almost unnecessary to inform the Reader that the two female Figures in the annexed Plate, represent Britannia and America: the reader will behold, with concern, the imminent danger to which they are both exposed, by the violent and unnatural contest. The two male figures, at the bottom of the Print, represent France and Spain, waiting for an opportunity to stab Britannia to the heart, and load themselves with emoluments at the expence of her and her offspring. The persons above are unconcerned spectators of the mischiefs which they have contributed to produce.

BON MOT.

DOCTOR JOHNSON, being one night at Drury-Lane Theatre, to see Mr. Garrick in *Macbeth*, in one of the most interesting scenes of that interesting piece, he, and the whole company in the box where he sat, was interrupted by the impertinence of a young man of fashion, who insisted on having a *place*, though none was kept for him; this interruption continued until the end of the act, when the doctor, turning about with great contempt, replied, "Pshaw! Sir, how can you be so mistaken? *Your place* lies in the *Shilling gallery*."

REPARTEE.

QUIN, complaining of his old age and infirmities one day in the public rooms at Bath, a pert young coxcomb asked him, "What would he give to be as young as he was?" "I do not know," says Quin, measuring him very contemptuously; "but I should be almost content to be as *foolish*."

Account of the CAPUCHIN, a Comedy of Three Acts, acted at the Little Theatre, in the Hay-market.

SCENE, CALAIS.

F A B L E.

MISS Jenny Minnikin, a pert, vulgar lass, and daughter to a Pin-maker in the City, having eloped with Dicky Drugget, a foolish stripling, her father's apprentice, they land at Calais, and open the piece, before the celebrated *Hotel d'Angleterre*, into which we find they are about to enter, in order to regale themselves after the fatigues of the voyage, and to enquire of the host to direct them to a friendly clergyman, who will join them in wedlock.

Monf. Trompe Fan, alias De Sain, however, coming out to them, they immediately make their situation known to him, and entreat his instantaneous assistance. He informs them, that there is a reverend gentleman of his acquaintance not far off, chaplain to a Lord Anglois on his travels, who would do the job for them; but he fears he is not at home, as he sometimes takes a trip over the channel by night to serve his friends with a little of the best brandy;—but he recommends the young lady to put herself under his protection, as she is apprehensive of the arrival of her friends; that he will lodge her safe in a convent hard by, from whence she might return as soon as Dr. Viper could be found to perform the marriage ceremony:—Here Dicky Drugget going to the quays to hear if there were any tidings of the old folks, a scene of gallantry succeeds on the part of the French publican, that is said to be characteristic of this one-eyed sinner, in which however he is foiled; for on Drugget's return, she tells him of Trompefan's behaviour, who gets out of the scrape by ascribing the liberties he had taken to French po-

[*Monthly Miscel.*]

litesse, and by assuring them, that he was so desirous of serving them in their present distress, that his own wife should accompany the young lady to the convent, and then there could be no cause for suspecting his integrity; he retires with them in order to fulfil his engagement.

The next scene opens with Mr. and Mrs. Minnikin, their sister Clack, and Kit Codling, the young fishmonger, their intended son-in-law, who all come over in the packet, in pursuit of Jenny: they soon hear of her having retired into a convent, and presently being accosted by Father O'Donovan, a Franciscan friar, they prevail upon him with a bribe, to promise his assistance in getting her out.—Sir Harry Hamper, late a grocer in the city, now appears with his chaplain Dr. Viper, and after a good deal of chat, upon the benefits of travelling, and making many very laughable speeches, by Anglicising French words, he condescends to invite his old city neighbours to sit down to dinner with him, which is just ready, and accordingly they go in with him. Dr. Viper being left behind, is meditating how he shall play his last cards with Sir Harry, to turn them to the most advantage, as he is apprehensive his patron will return to England the first fair wind:—In this reverie, Father O'Donovan enters to him, and begs alms for the love of St. Francis.—Viper, with a contemptuous oath, bids him retire, for he has nothing for him;—O'Donovan, looking earnestly at him, collects his features, and addressing him by his name, offers him his hand, which the other refuses with great scorn; upon this the Franciscan endeavours to put him in mind of their former connections; this brings on a warm altercation, in which the Doctor is painted in extraordinary colours indeed! and, we hope, for the honour of human nature, very undeservedly:—However,

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like Lockit and Peachum, the quarrel ends with "Brother, brother, we're both in the wrong!"—Accordingly they shake hands, and consent to hunt their game in couples.—O'Donavan now telling his friend the business on which he is going to the convent, Viper says, it may be improved into the luckiest circumstance for them both, if they can procure the girl for Sir Harry, under pretence of carrying her to Drugget, as it will naturally detain him in France, and be a round sum in each of their pockets.—Sir Harry enters, who, being let into the plot, is enamoured with it, and goes home to prepare for her reception.—Viper, however, when he is gone, thinks it a shame that so delicious a morsel should be thrown away on such an old coxcomb, and therefore asks O'Donavan to introduce the milliner's 'prentice, that he (Viper) seduced, and brought over with him, requesting him at the same time to bring Jenny to his lodgings;—but, apprehensive that some confounded blunder might arise from so doing, begs O'Donavan, as it will be in the dark, to introduce himself for her; and that Sir Harry, when he found out the cheat, would be afraid to tell of it, for fear of drawing down upon him the public ridicule:—O'Donavan consents, because he thinks there would be fun in it. Accordingly he goes to the convent, and first gets Jenny out; but as he is carrying her to Viper's lodgings, she spies her beloved Dickey; breaking therefore from the friar's arms, she flies to his.

O'Donavan fetching Viper, tells him what had passed, when the latter bids him go instantly and personate Jenny, addressing Sir Harry in the dark as her dear Dicky Drugget, and leave the rest to him; which the Friar complies with:—Viper now coming up with Drugget and Jenny, alarms him with the danger he was in of being put to death for forcing

a young lady from a convent, bids him fly instantly, if he regards his own life or that of the lady, throw himself on board some vessel bound for England,—and leave the lady under his protection, whose cloth was a sufficient guarantee for his honour: the young citizen thus alarmed, credulously gives up his Jenny, who was instantly conveyed to Viper's lodgings in the same house with Sir Harry.

The next scene presents the dark chamber of Sir Harry, and the entre of the Friar addressing the Baronet as her dearest Dicky in the feigned voice of Jenny Minnikin. Just as Sir Harry was growing amorous, the shrieks of Jenny were heard in an adjacent room, and the clamorous voices of her father, mother, &c. &c. at an outer door, demanding their child, whom they had traced into this house. Sir Harry's doors are broke open, when he is not a little surprised to find the unexpected metamorphosis in his visitor.—Jenny still crying for assistance in the next room, the father breaks that door open likewise, and at length rescues his child.

A general eclairecissement now takes place, and the villainy of the Doctor receives the finishing touch, from an English colonel, who humanely assisted to restore a child to her distressed parents.—Sir Harry is convinced of his folly, in being connected with so unworthy a character, and laments the errors into which it had betrayed him.—Kit Codling, seeing the affections of Jenny are placed on Drugget, recommends it to her father and mother, to approve of her choice, telling them he intends to travel, and make a larger Tower. Mr. and Mrs. Minnikin, finding all opposition to their daughter's choice entirely fruitless, consent to make her happy, which concludes the piece.

The CARUCHIN is in our opinion very far from the most perfect of Mr.

Foote's

Foote's comic dramas. The fable is here and there somewhat unnaturally strained; and the characters are of a complexion rather unknown to originality, Father O'Donavan excepted, which is certainly a masterly whole length of an Hibernian confessor. Indeed that of Dr. Viper is very far from being ill drawn; but we should more readily subscribe to the merit of the scene between him and the friar, could we altogether assent to the author's creed, and believe him justified in thus tearing up his reverend opponent, for the supposed active part he took in the dispute between him and the Dutchess of K—, and for his late conduct in a matter of an extraordinary nature still depending.—Mr. Foote will most likely quote *Lex Talionis*; and so no doubt will Mr. J——; and under colour of that, they seem inclined to butcher the reputation of each other, for the amusement of the town!

The piece has several good strokes in it, tho' not that high seasoning, which might have been expected from the Attic salt of Aristophanes:—We conceive that the comedy has suffered much from the vast cuttings it has undergone, in order to pass muster at the Lord Chamberlain's Office, since it was offered for approbation, under the title of *The Trip to Calais*.

It met with some disapprobation, owing to a situation or two, which Mr. Foote will doubtless alter before the next night's representation.—The performers in general exerted themselves, and played with great spirit and propriety:—and the new scenes painted for the occasion, do credit to the person who executed them. The price was preceded by an excellent prologue, in which Mr. Foote humorously compared himself as a *vender of characters*, to an itinerant limner, who suited all faces and features, by altering portraits

ready painted,—and to a shoe-maker in Cranbourn-alley, who was under the necessity of making several shoes from the same last.—It was comic throughout, and universally relished.

ON ELOQUENCE.

AN error of the present times, is employing reason too naked, as if men were spirit only. By neglecting the language of signs, we have lost the language which is most full of energy; the impression of speech is always weak, and the heart is more affected by the eyes, than the ears; by attributing all to reason, we have reduced our precepts into words alone, and placed nothing in action. Reason alone is inactive; it sometimes represses, seldom excites, and has never performed any thing great. To reason always is the madness of little minds; noble souls have the advantage of another language, by which they persuade and act.

In these modern ages, men have no other influence over each other, than what arises from power, or interest; whereas, the ancients affected great things, by the powers of persuasion; because, they did not neglect the language of the signs. All conventions were made with great solemnity, in order to render them inviolable: before the establishment of the civil powers, the gods were the magistrates of mankind; it was in their presence that individuals made their treaties, alliances, and promises; the face of the earth was the book, wherein they preserved their archives; the rocks, trees, and stones, consecrated by these acts, and rendered respectable to uncivilized man, were the leaves of this book, ever open to the public eye. The well dug in ratification of oaths: the oak of Mamra, the Mount of the

Covenant, these were the simple, but august monuments of the sacred nature of contracts; no sacrilegious hand was lifted against these monuments; and, the good faith of mankind was better secured by the force of these mute witnesses, than they now are by all the vain rigour of the laws.

In their governments, the pomp of royal power struck awe into the subject. The external marks of dignity, the throne, the sceptre, the purple robe, the crown, the diadem, were looked upon as things sacred; the person adorned with them was held in reverence, and though without soldiers to enforce his command, he had only to speak, in order to be immediately obeyed. Whereas, at present, when monarchs affect to throw off these marks of dignity, what is the consequence of it but contempt? The majesty of kings has no influence on the minds of the people; they are obeyed, only because of their troops, and the regard of their subjects arises only from the fear of punishment. Kings no longer take the trouble to wear the diadem, nor their nobles their respective marks of their distinction; but, they must have numerous hands in readiness to see their orders executed; however flattering this may seem, it is easy to see, that in the end, this change is by no means to their interest.

What the ancients effected by the power of eloquence, did not consist in studied harangues; the orator being never so powerfully persuasive, as when he spoke the least. The most pathetic language is not that of words, but of signs: it does not speak of things, but exhibits them. The object which is present to the sight, strongly affects the imagination, excites the curiosity, keeps the mind in suspense, concerning what is going to be said, and very often

speaks sufficiently of itself alone. Did not Thrasibulus and Tarquin, in cutting off the heads of poppies, Alexander in clapping his seal on the lips of his favourite, and Diogenes in walking before Zeno, speak more expressively, than if they had made each a tedious harangue? What circumlocution had been necessary to convey all the meaning of these simple actions? Darius entering Scythia with his army, received from the king of that country, a bird, a frog, a mouse, and five arrows: the ambassador, who brought them, delivered his present, and turned without speaking. In our times, such a messenger would pass for a fool; this terrible harangue, however, was in these days well understood; and Darius made the best of his way into his own country. Had a letter, or verbal message been sent, instead of these emblems, the more menacing the terms, the less terrible would it have appeared; it would have been looked upon as a blustering rhodomontade, which Darius would only have laughed at.

How attentive were the Romans to the language of signs! they wore garments peculiar to their different ranks and ages; they had their togæ, and distinguishing ornaments of various kinds, their rostrums, their listors, their fasces, their crowns, ovations, triumphs, &c. all was parade and ceremony, and all had its effect on the minds of the citizens. It was of no little consequence to the state, that the people should assemble in one certain place, rather than in any other; that they should be in view of the capitol; that they should deliberate on particular days, &c. persons accused of crimes, and candidates for favour, wore distinct habits; the warriors boasted not of their exploits, they shewed their wounds. What rhetoric!



FLOWERS OF PARNASSUS.

THE PROGRESS OF FREEDOM; A POEM.

By J. CHAMPION.

The following lines serve as a specimen to this piece :

FOR years unnumber'd Freedom view'd mankind,
Kov'd the vast globe, and for a seat repin'd.
To hear the choicest gifts of God were giv'n !
Freedom ! the last and best reserved of Heav'n.
Thee I invoke—one liberal spark inspire,
My song shall glow with thy prophetic fire.
She trod the realms of Greece, in fame array'd,

Though in the lap of soft luxuriance laid,
Her gen'rous arts, that elevate the soul,
Here pride subdues, and there low arts controul—

The proud Athenian ap'd her glorious laws,
A slave to clamour, or a tyrant's cause.
The fickle people, despots, in one hour,
The next, all cringing to a different pow'r—
She search'd their various states to seek some plain,

Where ev'ry thought was free, but search'd in vain ;

To Carthage next the wing'd her rapid flight,
Where commerce flourish'd with meridian height ;

She smil'd to view her floating cities rise,
And all the riches of the world her prize.
But when her ways she trod with anxious gaze,

Their pride and rancour check'd her rising praise.

Envy and malice in her councils reign,
Nor long the reap'd the harvest of the main.
With pinions swift, this self-devoted pow'r
She left, quite verging to its latest hour ;
In vain the fates th' approaching moment tell,
To hated Rome the haughty victim fell ;
To tow'ring Rome, with eager steps she flew,
There found no freedom, but a tyrant few,
One period rose, the tribunitial reign ;
All noise, confusion spread th' ungovern'd plain !
Then next, a lordly senate proudly shin'd—
Gave the world law, and trampled o'er mankind ;

To these, the cruel despot conquering came,
And spurn'd the Roman till he sunk to shame,

She wept—divine perfection !—on whose face
Saw gentle Peace, and each harmonic grace.
The Celtic rough, the Gallic's spacious shore,
Fill'd with barbarians, tutor'd to devour ;
With these the sons of Italy the scorn'd,
With papal pride, and papal arts uborn'd.
“ At length the saw the heav'n born structure rise,

As Britain rose, she hail'd her for her prize !
She saw her laws were form'd to bless mankind,

Her manners martial, manly, yet refin'd,
Content to stay, the fix'd her last retreat,
And chose this island for her glorious seat.
The * German star that drove the last remains
Of gloomy tyranny from British plains ;
Inspir'd by thee, Britannia will resume
Her ancient rights, and rising from her tomb,
Will bless Eractus' race—from whom alone
Sprung all the glories of her wond'rous throne.
In peace or war, the triumphs o'er her foes ;
In peace, by arts her various glory flows,
In war, the marches with unrivall'd force,
Nor walls, nor seas, can stem her daring course.

See† George with conquering eagles brave his way,

His warring Britons rang'd in dread array ;
His gallant § son attendant by his side,
Britannia's boast and nature's darling pride.
Are fortress'd towns with tow'ring ramparts form'd ?

Onward they march, the hostile breach is storm'd—

The foe shrinks back, astonish'd at their might,
And pale with horror, leaves th' unsullied fight.
Who can forget, when Dettingen's bright name
Stamp'd George's glory to immortal fame ;
While Saxo, with all his num'rous force behind,

At danger thrunk, while George reliev'd mankind ?

In vain proud France and haughty Spain unite ;

We came, we conquer'd ; with undaunted might—

The gallant Hawke laid low their naval pow'r ;
So low, they'll feel it to their latest hour :

* House of Hanover. † George II.
§ Duke of Cumberland.

They

They humbled France, and, with protecting
wing,
Rais'd Britain's fame, and to the name of king
Add a new lustre—while our rival pow'r,
When * George appear'd will ever weep the
hour.

Whate'er the prospect of thy happy reign,
Fir'd with success, the people will complain :
So yon bright sun's diffusive rays inspire,
And glad mankind by his congenial fire ;
Loud storms, and low'ring tempests still will
rise,
Obscur'd the brighter glories of the skies.

* George III.

PROLOGUE.

*Written by Capt. THOMPSON, and spoken
by Mr. JEFFERSON, before the per-
formance of the Farce of St. Helena ;
Or, THE ISLE OF LOVE ; as acted, with
great applause, at Richmond Theatre.*

OUR bard on bold advent'rous pinions
flies,
In search of foreign beauties, foreign skies,
Tho' few the spots upon the world's great
chart,
Like this can please the eye, or charm the
heart ;
Thy prospect, Richmond, and thy sylvan
scenes,
For ages honour'd by our kings and queens ;
Where all our heroes have retir'd from
war,
The vet'ran soldier, and the gallant tar ;
Where all the wits and beauties of our isle
Have deign'd to sweetly sing, and sweetly
smile ;
Thro' whose Elysian groves our bard's have
play'd,
Then peaceful slept beneath the laurel's
shade.
To-night we use no pantomimic skill
To bring St. Helena to Richmond-Hill ;
That half-way house, where India captains
bait
And to their cabbins take an extra mate ;
Where pompous nabobs, rich by Bengal
plunder,
Talk of their lacks, to make the maid-
ens wonder ;
And come like Jove in showers of gold
and thunder.
Where the brisk sailor sings o'er bowls of
rack,
Nor sighs for red cheeks, while his girl has
black ;
He seeks no roses to adorn her face,
But laughs in spite of all the laws of Grace.
To-night a first attempt our author brings,
To lead the Muses to the seat of Kings ;

Yet a fair herald comes our cause to plead,
Who with your * gentle natures must suc-
ceed ;

For sure no belie to her can cruel prove,
Nor beau—unless he's with himself in love ;
Aye ! there's the rub—that is our greatest
care,

Beaux love themselves too well to love the
fair.

† Ye who have cross'd our Twick'nham,
Isleworth ferry,

I'm sure of you, ye're always kind and
merry ;

There Thomas squeezes black-ey'd Susan's
hand,

A kinder couple lives not in the land ;
William—and John—in beauty's cause will
fight,

Lend us your hands to row us cross to-
night !

Give us your wishes, and we'll drop all
fears ;

You are the rudder—which our vessel steers ;
And if successful—you'll this pleasure
prove,

Upon this spot to fix the Isle of Love.

* Boxes.

† Gallery.

AN ODE TO CONTENTMENT.

[From Mrs. ROBINSON'S POEMS, lately pub-
lished.]

Celestial maid, if on my way,
Propitious thou wilt deign to smile,
Let virtue guide each youthful day,
From malice, envy, care, and guile,

Protect my unexpirenc'd youth,
From ev'ry ill, from grief and pain,
Inspire my heart with love and truth,
Without ambition's idle claim.

Banish'd from thee, what's ev'ry joy,
What's beauty, wealth, delight, or ease,
Without thee all our pleasures cloy,
Which nature first ordain'd to please.

In search of thee, long time I stray'd,
Amid the throng of busy life,
But found, alas ! I was betray'd,
For vanity's the source of strife.

I've sought thee in thy myrtle shade,
The silent wood, and poplar grove,
I've sought thee in the lonely glade,
The paths of friendship, and of love.

Some hope to find thee in a court,
In stately pomp, and vain parade,
But this is not thy calm resort,
Such scenes of art you ne'er invade.

'Tis not in palaces you dwell,
Among the gay, and giddy croud,
Nor in the hermit's lonely cell,
Far distant from the great, and proud.

The sordid miser hopes t' explore
Thy wondrous charms in idle toys,
In hoarding heaps of yellow ore,
In transitory, short-liv'd joys.

Mistaken youth, too often tries,
With luxury, deceit and art,
To find the in thee wanton's eyes,
Which only shine t' ensnare th' heart.

Others by fickle fortune blind,
To flattery's mean device a prey,
Vainly expect, content to find,
Among the great, the rich, and gay.

Alas! ye blinded, thoughtless race,
Contentment ye will never find,
Till ye abhor deceit, and vice,
And pay attention to the mind.

In your own pow'r, alone it lies,
To blend this life with joy, or care,
Ambition's idle claim despise,
Think yourself happy;—and you are.

The OAK and the SHADOW.

A FABLE.

EACH man below deceives himself,
From love of pleasure, or of self:
As many fools run after shadows,
As boys chase butterflies in meadows.
To a mistaken tree I'll fend them;
It may amuse, if not—amend them.

UPON a river's verdant side

An Oak in rural beauty grew;
He saw his honours in the tide,
And was enamour'd at the view.

He left the shore, and sought the flood,
In quest of the delusive good;
When, lo! a storm the water tosa'd,
And all his flow'ry hopes were lost.

The bank with toil and trouble gain'd,
He found, alas! too late,
No Shadow, e'en to cheat, remain'd,
And fled his former state.

The SWORD and the PLOUGHSHARE.

A FABLE.

A Sword and 'Share, (a peer and swain),
One day encounter'd on the plain.
The honest 'Share address'd the Sword
As other yeomen do a lord:
But he, wrapt up in vain nobility,
Had lost the sense of all civility;

And therefore pass'd, with haughty mien,
As he had neither heard nor seen.

"Whence this contempt?"—cried confident
worth?

"Dost thou not know?—Review thy birth!

"Art thou not of plebeian race,

"While I from kings my lineage trace?"—

"It is not whence—but what we are.

"I own myself a humble 'Share;

"Yet mankind owe to my rough toil

"The richest produce of the soil.

"Much harm you've done the world, I
know;

"But sent you e'er a blessing?—No."

"Thou groveling soul, contracted spirit!

"Darest thou pretend to judge of merit?—

"Such cares for slaves may be design'd,

"But enter not the noble mind."

"Yes! heroes recent from command

"Have seized the plough with conquering
hand.

"The Romans I need only name

"To stain your cheek with deepest shame.

"Without my aid, what had they
done?

"Had they the universe o'er-run?—

"A village Rome, and village swains

"The chiefs who led the world in chains."

"And happier they, and happier earth,

"Had such ambition ne'er had birth.

"See Europe, Africa in arms,

"And Asia shook with dire alarms,

"To gratify the lawless will

"Of men who had a lust to kill;

"And who on all, both friends and foes,

"Pretended slavery to impose.

"Say, hence what good to man could flow?"

"Or was it not the source of woe?"—

The Sword, like modern buck confuted,
No more attempted to dispute it;
But told the 'Share there was a way
To know who had best temper'd clay—

"I, Sir! will even condescend

"To overlook your humble birth;

"And from my dignity descend,

"To combat with a son of earth.

"Prepare! yourself then to defend.

"Be cool, my Lord—I will not trust

"My honour to a random thrust.

"Fools, rousing at each slight offence,

"Fly in the face of Providence;

"But sober minds in just resistance

"Alone will hazard an existence.

"Reason, our glory and our pride,

"In every dispute should decide.

"Here comes the Mote; let us agree

"To yield to her the cause of plea.

"As Justice blind, as Minos grave,

"A fitter judge we cannot have."

Before

Before the bench both claims were laid,
 And each had due attention paid ;
 When, after sitting some time mute,
 Her worship ended thus the dispute :
 " The Sword first arm'd the Russian's hand,
 " And still he loves the bloody band.
 " He, who to violence owes his birth,
 " Has little chance to bless the earth ;
 " And never can those ills repair
 " Which his forefathers did the Share.
 " If he in Justice' train is found,
 " 'Tis only to inflict her wound.
 " He therefore to the Share must yield,
 " The native sov'reign of the field."

The FOX and the LION.

A T A L E.

TWIXT man and man, the strongest tie
 Is doubtless plain sincerity ;
 But, in the commerce of mankind,
 The honest heart will often find
 It prudent to conceal the face
 Of truth—if not bestow a grace :
 And some have thought all truths severe,
 Unless disclosed ourselves to clear,
 Howe'er the breast may seem to glow,
 More surly pride than virtue show.
 That they displease, we hourly see ;
 Nay, make a friend an enemy.
 Self-love 'gainst self-love lies to arms,
 And every conscious spark alarms.
 Those who from pow'r indulgence want
 Must not assume the Stoic's rant.
 A FOX, pursued by dogs and men,
 Took shelter in a Lion's den.
 When danger close behind us presses
 We see not what's before our faces.
 Though there secure from native foes,
 Poor Reynard had but small repose ;
 On pity he durst not rely,
 And less on hospitality.

" The Gods are kind!"—the Lion cried,
 " Who bounteously for me provide.
 " What space, Sir Reynard, suits thee best ?
 " For I intend to have a feast."
 " Your taste, great monarch I must decide
 " In that as in all things beside ;
 " Should one of my inferior birth
 " Direct the sovereign of the earth ?"—
 Said Reynard—" But without offence,
 " Might I a simple truth advance,
 " Might I compare great things with small,
 " Those words so sharp, those eyes of fire
 " Remind me of my hapless sire :
 " Alas I yet lament his fall.
 " A helpless rabbit sought his roof ;
 " But he 'gainst generous pity proof,
 " Forgot all hospitable laws,
 " And made it bleed beneath his jaws,
 " The guiltless rabbit's dying cries
 " Call'd righteous justice from the skies :

" The thynder roll'd,—and to the earth
 " It struck the author of my birth."
 With shame, fear, and confusion strong,
 His head the haughty Lion hung ;
 " Begone ! you trifier, with your tale,"
 He cried—" You've made me lose my meal."

The MAN and the MERMAID.

A T A L E.

A Rake, with Venus in disgrace,
 One morn thus felt for human race :
 " Poor mortals !—your gay hours but
 smile,
 " Like some fair trait'resses, to beguile.
 " The sons of Hope and of Desire,
 " You after distant good aspire ;
 " Attain it :—will you find relief ?
 " No—it will only fix your grief.
 " Fond Hope may tell you, that To-
 morrow [sorrow ;
 " Will bring you joy, and chase your
 " But trust not her coquettish lear :
 " When you approach, she'll frown severe.
 " What we desire, imagination
 " Paints lovely to the inclination ;
 " But, that possess'd, the sponge she takes
 " And every charm the eye forsakes ;
 " While, foul and hateful to the sight,
 " A shapeless monster springs, to light !—
 And his complaint perhaps is true
 Of such as wanton love pursue.
 UPON a rock, near that famed isle,
 Where Venus taught the waves to smile,
 A graceful Mermaid often view'd
 Her image in the glassy flood ;
 And there a youth devoutly came,
 And to the beauty breathed his flame.
 He praised her shape, he praised her air,
 He swore she was divinely fair—
 Her voice could smooth the stormy deep,
 And charm the bolferous winds asleep !—
 Would she but grant him one sweet kiss,
 He would dispise immortal bliss ;
 But should she—O it was too high !
 He doubtless should of rapture die.
 She smiled consent and in the tide
 The lover plunged, elate with pride ;
 She met him ere he reach'd the land,
 And took him fondly by the hand.
 What follow'd I must not express ;
 But every simple maid can guess.
 Let it suffice, they went to bed ;
 Though I pretend not they were wed ;
 And the first gleam of morning light
 Chas'd all the transports of the night.
 " What," cried the youth, " have I em-
 braced ?
 " A woman merely—to the waist ;
 " Below a hideous fish's tail,
 " Entrusted with a horrid scale !
 " O Love ! thy blindness who can see
 " Till once enjoyment set them free.



FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

Constantinople, July 3.

Information has been received here, that on the 16th of April last the city of Basora had surrendered to the Persians by capitulation, after a siege of more than twelve months, the inhabitants being reduced to the last extremity by sickness and famine.

Schwetzing, July 19. On the 16th instant, in the morning, died in the 81st year of her age, her Serene Highness Frances Christina, Countess Palatine of the Rhine, Princess of the Roman Empire, and Abbess of Effen and Thorne, Aunt to his Serene Highness the Elector Palatine.

Petersburgh, July 19. Yesterday morning the Empress, attended by many of the great officers of state and household, went in a magnificent barge from Oranienbaum to Admiral Greig's ship. Her Imperial Majesty was welcomed by cheers from each of the men of war as she passed them, the yards, &c. being manned at her approach. As soon as the Empress went on board the Admiral ship, the Imperial standard was hoisted; upon which the whole fleet saluted by a general discharge of their cannon, as did likewise the fortifications of Cronstadt, which mount 900 guns. The Admiral's ship returned the salute of the fleet, which honour was acknowledged by each ship firing half its number of guns. After the Empress had dined at a table of 100 covers, with the principal officers of the marine and other departments, and many persons of the first distinction, a signal was made for the whole fleet to weigh anchor; and her Imperial Majesty, attended by the Prince and Count Alexis Orlov, Field Marshal Galtzin, and Count Bruce, the Adjutant on duty, rowed along the line of the fleet in her barge, being again saluted by a general discharge from the men of war and batteries; after which her Imperial Majesty went on board one of the yachts, sailed for a short time with the fleet, and returned between six and seven o'clock to Oranienbaum.

Genoa, July 24. All the sailors which had assembled at Marseilles to serve on board the ships of war, are gone to Toulon. The above ships to the number of seventeen, are quite
(Monthly Miscellany.)

ready, and it is said they are destined with others, composing together the number of thirty, to join the Spanish fleet. Great military preparations are known also to be making at Barcelona. Some pretend still to talk of hostilities in Paraguay between the Spaniards and Portuguese. We learn however from Lisbon, that there are now at anchor in that port three ships of the line, three frigates, and one sloop, all Spanish; but without making any disposition, without one word of misunderstanding between the two powers, and without causing the least uneasiness.

Vienna, July 27. Letters from Hungary advise, that on the 17th instant a dreadful fire broke out at Eisenstadt, near the frontiers of Austria, which entirely consumed 113 houses (the inhabitants of which are reduced to the utmost misery) and two convents.

Cepes, July 31. We have accounts from Modena, that the Duke has published an Edict with regard to the age of the girls who take the veil, which permits no parents or guardians to put their children, nieces or wards, into a convent, till they are ten years of age; that none shall take the habit till they are twenty, nor make their vows till the year of their noviciate is finished.

Paris, August 7. On Sunday night her Royal Highness the Countess d'Artois was safely delivered of a daughter. Her Royal Highness and the young Princess are both as well as can be expected.

The Prince of Conti died on Saturday afternoon, and is to be buried this day at L'Isle Adam.

Berlin, Aug. 12. On Sunday evening, the 4th instant, there was a concert and supper at her Prussian Majesty's apartments, and a very numerous and splendid assembly of the nobility to take leave of the Great Duke of Russia, who left this place early on Monday morning, attended, as on his entry, by the different trading companies, the state-coaches, body-guard, &c. the cannon constantly firing till his Imperial Highness reached his travelling equipage a little beyond the gates of the city. His Imperial Highness dined that day at Oranienbourg, and arrived in the evening at Rhinberg, the residence of Prince Henry, where

he proposed staying till Friday, his Royal Highness having made all necessary preparations for his Imperial Highness's reception and entertainment. General Lentulus and Count Werthern attend his Imperial Highness to Memel, to which place the Princess of Wirtemberg likewise accompanies her daughter, who is to be met there by the persons appointed to compose her court; the Countess Romanzow, the marshal's lady, is appointed *grande maîtresse*. Her Serene Highness is to set out four days after the Great Duke, and will not reach Petersburg till ten days after his arrival in that capital.

His Prussian majesty returned to Potsdam immediately after the Great Duke's departure, and the Queen removed the same day to Schoenhausem.

Hague, August 11. We learn from Kirckheim-Pohland, that her Serene Highness the Princess of Nassau-Weilbourg was delivered of a Princess on the 6th instant, at two o'clock in the morning.

AMERICAN NEWS.

From the New England Chronicle, June 6.

The following Test passed the late Assembly of the Province of the Massachusetts Bay, viz.

We the subscribers do each of us severally for ourselves profess, testify and declare, before God and the world, that we verily believe that the war, resistance and opposition, in which the United American Colonies are now engaged against the fleets and armies of Great Britain is, on the part of the said colonies, just and necessary: and we do hereby severally promise, covenant and engage, to and with every person of this Colony, who has or shall subscribe this declaration, or another of the same tenor and words, that we will not, during the said war, directly or indirectly, in anywise aid, abet or assist, any of the naval or land forces of the King of Great Britain, or any employed by him, or supply them with any kind of provisions, military or naval stores, or hold any correspondence with, or communicate any intelligence to any of the officers, soldiers or mariners belonging to the said army or navy, or enlist, or procure any others to enlist, into the land or sea service of Great Britain, or take up or bear arms against this or either of the United Colonies, or undertake to pilot any of the vessels belonging to the said navy, or any other way aid or assist them; but, on the contrary, according to our best power and abilities, will defend by arms the United American Colonies, and every part thereof, against every hostile attempt of the fleets and armies in the service of Great Britain, or any

of them, according to the requirements and directions of the laws of this Colony, that now are or may hereafter be provided for the regulation of the militia thereof.

Philadelphia, June 12. Yesterday two ships from England, laden with provisions and military accoutrements for the King's army, were brought into this port by the Provincial sloop Reward, David Allen, Commander. The above vessels had many letters on board, addressed to the officers in the army, which were immediately dispatched to the Congress. *Extract of a letter from a gentleman in Frederick Town to his friend in Baltimore, dated June 1.*

"Thursday last Captain Arthur, with a fine company of riflemen, marched through this place on their way to Boston. They appeared in great spirits, and were anxious to join the provincial army, and to engage the enemies of American liberty. They were met about three miles out of town by three other companies, and above five hundred Indians, who said they were determined to conquer or die.

"June 3. Yesterday arrived here four Indian warriors with their sons; their faces were streaked with paint in imitation of blood. They inform us that most of the tribes of Indians from the interior parts of the continent are coming down to join their brethren."

Copy of a Letter from the Honourable John Hancock, President of the Continental Congress, to a Convention of this City, dated Philadelphia, June 11, 1776.

"Gentlemen, The Congress have this day received advice, and are fully convinced, that it is the design of General Howe to make an attack upon the city of New York as soon as possible; the attack they have reason to believe will be made within ten days; I am therefore most earnestly to request you, by order of the Congress, to call forth your militia, as requested in my letter of the 4th instant, and to forward them with all dispatch to the city of New York; and that you direct they march in companies, or any other way that will hasten their arrival there. The important day is at hand that will decide not only the fate of the city of New York, but in all probability of the whole province. On such an occasion there is no necessity to use arguments with Americans; their feelings I well know will prompt them to their duty, and the sacredness of the cause will urge them to the field. The greatest exertions of vigour and expedition are requisite to prevent our enemies from getting possession of that town; I must therefore again most earnestly request you, in the name and by the authority of the Congress, and that you will do it with all the dispatch

such

patch which the infinite importance of the cause demands.

"I have the honour to be, Gentlemen, your most obedient humble servant,

"JOHN HANCOCK, President."

Extract of a letter from Philadelphia, dated July 18.

"The Boston, of twenty-eight guns, and the Adventure, of twenty-four, together with two brigs, in the service of the Congress, are almost ready, and will in a few days sail on an expedition which at present is kept a secret. Two light-houses have been erected, the one for the safety of the American vessels that may have occasion to come in here in the night, and the other is intended to deceive the English men of war that may appear on this coast, and by that means occasion them to run on the shoals, &c."

SCOTLAND.

Edinburgh, August 3. On Saturday last a melancholy accident happened at Mr. Houston's, of Johnston's coal-work, about three miles west from Paisley: Three boys (who assisted their fathers in drawing the coals below) were going down the shank in the bucket, it unluckily struck upon the other in passing, by which two of the boys were turned out; the one instantly killed by the fall to the bottom, and the other with a leg and a thigh bone broken, and so bruised, that he lived but a short space.

COUNTRY NEWS.

Harwich, July 26. On Friday night a mutiny arose on board the Elizabeth transport, lying in this harbour, bound for St. Augustine, occasioned by a quarrel between the English convicts and German recruits, the former of whom attempted to make their escape. On the interposition of the German officers, they became very outrageous, attempting to throw Ensign Porbeck overboard, which they would have effected, had not he cut one of them across the arm with his hanger; they afterwards cast several packages of clothes and necessaries belonging to the Germans into the sea; they likewise attempted to cut the ship's cable, but were prevented by the officers on shore, who being alarmed at the cries of the sailors on board, went immediately to their assistance, and prevented any further mischief. During the scuffle four of the men got away by the assistance of some people who were along-side the ship in a boat. Three of the ringleaders of the above mutiny are brought ashore, and secured in our gaol, in order to take their trial by a Court-martial.

Winchester, July 27. Yesterday a sergeant belonging to the 25th regiment, quartered in this city, hanged himself in his apartment. The jury brought in their verdict *Felo de se*, and he is to be interred in the cross road, near the West gate.

At our assizes an action was brought by Farmer Maskall, plaintiff, against his neighbour, a farmer, defendant, for debauching one of his daughters, under the common pretence of marriage. Many learned arguments were used by the plaintiff's counsel, in relation to the nature, criminality, and consequence of the offence; and the evidence being impartially summed up by the learned judge, the jury without hesitation found a verdict for the plaintiff, with 250*l.* damages, and all costs.

Bath, July 31. Wednesday last a boy about twelve years of age endeavouring to drive a bull from a cow which his mother was milking, at Farnham, the bull ran one of his horns into the boy's belly, tossed him up in the air, and gored him in such a manner that he died instantly.

Chepstun, Hertfordshire, August 1. This day, as eight persons were crossing the old River Lee, near this town, in a boat very heavy laden with hay, belonging to Colonel Blackwood, of this place, it sunk, by which accident two women, haymakers, were both drowned.

Ipswich, August 9. A considerable proof of Artillery is now making at Landguard Fort; and we hear that bomb-shells are thrown to the distance of three miles with great exactness.

Norwich, August 10. The new road from Huntingdon to Goodmanchester being nearly completed, was a few days since opened for carriages. It is a very noble addition to the pleasure of that road, as well as an entire security against the floods, which sometimes overflowed the fine meads through which it passes; and there is no doubt of its being of singular service to Huntingdon and the neighbouring towns, the post road to London being several miles nearer that way, and now is as safe for travellers as any road in England.

Windsor, August 13. Yesterday, in honour of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales's birth-day, his majesty proceeded to a solemn offering in St. George's Chapel, accompanied by his Royal Highness, the Bishop of Osnaburg, and other Knights Companions.

A correspondent has favoured us with the following more particular account.

"About six o'clock in the morning the bells of the town gave notice to the adjacent villages, that the day was to be spent in mirth and jollity; before seven o'clock some

B b b 2 small

small guns were fired, and the town seemed alive.

"At a quarter before nine o'clock, his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, the Bishop of Osnaburgh, with his two other brothers, attended by their preceptors, came to the kings apartments; a signal being given, some guns in the town were again fired, and the bells rung another peal.

"At nine o'clock the whole guard was under arms, and formed a lane from their Majesties apartments, through the castle-yard, to the fourth door of the cathedral.

"At ten o'clock, the King, Queen, and children, attended by the Duke of Montague, Lord Bruce, Lady Effingham, Lady Weymouth, Lady Charlotte Finch, &c. went in procession to the cathedral; the Princess Royal and her two sisters walked after their Majesties, the Prince of Wales and his six brothers (all dressed in blue and gold) following, with their attendants on each side. When they came to the church door, the Provost, Prebends, Canons and Poor Knights received them; and as soon as they entered the cathedral, the organ struck up, and continued till the Royal Family were seated. His Majesty, the Prince of Wales, the Bishop of Osnaburgh, and the Duke of Montague, before the service began, went to the altar, and made their offerings of gold and silver; Dr. Bostock and Dr. Lockman receiving the same in a gold dish.

"The arrangement of the Royal Family, when in the choir, was thus: The King sat in the Dean's seat, the Queen under the Duke of Gloucester's banner, with the Princesses standing at her side; the Prince of Wales, and his brother the Bishop, under their own banners; the rest of the children, with the ladies of quality and other attendants, in the upper stalls on the right-hand of the choir. The Duke of Montague took his seat under his own banner.

"The service then began, and was read by the Provost; Mr. Kent's *Te Deum* and *Jubilate* were sung; and Dr. Green's anthem, "God is our hope and strength, &c." concluding with the grand chorus from the Messiah; the whole of which took up an hour and an half.

"The procession from the cathedral was in the following order; viz. Poor Knights, two and two; Prebends, Canons, Provost, their Majesties, the Princess Royal with her sisters, and their attendants; Prince of Wales and the bishop of Osnaburgh; the rest of the Royal Brothers two and two; Duke of Montague, Lord Bruce, Ladies Effingham, Weymouth, Lady Charlotte Finch, &c. on each side. The gentlemen of the cathedral took leave of them at the door; their Majesties and the children then went into the castle,

and afterwards upon the Terras. The party belonging to the 25th regiment was drawn up in the Park, upon a spot called the Bowling-green, and as soon as the children appeared at the Terras, they gave three volleys. The King and Queen, Princess and Princesses, went afterwards into their own apartments to dinner, and at half past six o'clock, the Prince of Wales and the three eldest brothers, returned to Kew."

Coventry, August 23. On Tuesday evening between nine and ten o'clock, a chaise, in which were two gentlemen and a lady, was attempted to be robbed about a mile on the other side of Saitley, by a single footpad, who called out to the driver, telling him to stop, or he would blow his brains out. The gentlemen declaring that they would not be robbed, were preparing for their defence, when fortunately, at the very instant the villain opened the chaise-door, two gentlemen came riding towards it on full speed, at the sight of whom the footpad hastily decamped across a corn-field, and the parties pursued their journey without farther interruption.

Richmond, August 26. On Thursday afternoon, the long expected Regatta was given here in honour of the birth-day of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

About half after six o'clock, the six prize-boats being drawn up at the upper part of Lady Cooper's Island, (the two rowers in each habited with party-coloured jackets and caps,) they were started by the firing of a pistol from the manager's barge, and a grand salute from a band of martial music, stationed in an extensive orchestra in the island; a rocket was likewise fired at the same time, as a signal down the river, for the different boats as far as Kew-bridge, to keep clear of the channel. The prize-boats rowed down as far as the Royal Nursery near Kew-bridge, where they doubled a boat stationed for that purpose with a flag in it, and returned to the starting-flag, at the island from whence they set out. The victorious boat, rowed by men in white caps faced with black, performed it (six miles) in exactly thirty-five minutes, beating all the others several hundred yards, and winning with great ease. On their arrival at the island, the first boat received the adjudged prize of five, the second three, and the third two guineas.

The contest being ended, the different companies were immediately rowed to Richmond, with streamers flying, where they landed, and went to the assembly-room.

As the day proved uncommonly favourable, it was no wonder that the entertainment upon the whole turned out a very pleasing one, and drew together an immense concourse of people.

The King and Queen sat in a little octagon summer-

summer-house erected in that corner of Richmond-garden which joins the lane leading to the Theatre.

The Royal Children beheld the procession from the terrace-wall of the nursery, where they remained for some time, to gratify the curiosity of the public.

L O N D O N.

A letter from Plymouth, dated July 23th, says, "I send this purposely to inform you, that this morning arrived here a coaster, the master of which declares, that yesterday he met with a Topham pilot-boat, who told him, that between the Start and Torbay he met with an American privateer, mounting 12 carriage-guns, spread a great deal of canvas, full of men, and is painted black. He asked the pilot many questions, and among the rest, what East or West Indians were expected. When I first heard this account, I did not believe it, but sent a person to the captain of the coaster, who confirmed the above relation, so that I now believe it true, and would have you make it public."

August 2. Yesterday both Houses of Parliament met at Westminster, pursuant to their last prorogation; and were farther prorogued by the Lord Chancellor, to Thursday the 5th day of September; the Lords Commissioners present were, the Lord Chancellor, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Lord Falmouth.

Six houses are now pulling down within the Tower, in order to build what they call a mill-house, for a new coinage of silver. It is expected that the building will be finished at Midsummer next, and the coinage is to commence immediately. The artists are to make what is termed sixty journeys a day, which amounts to seven tons and an half of silver weekly; and in the course of two years, during which this coinage is to continue, the value of the new silver issued will be about £5,148,000l.

7. Last night, the servant of a gentleman in King-street, Westminster, was stopped upon Bagshot-heath by a single highwayman, who presenting a pistol to him, the servant knocked it out of his hand with a stick that he rode with; but perceiving the highwayman pulling out another pistol, he stuck spurs to his horse, and galloped off as fast as possible, though not without receiving a ball, which went through a corner of his hat. The highwayman was well apparelled, though wretchedly mounted on a little grey horse.

8. The report was this day made to his Majesty in Council of the convicts under sentence of death in Newgate; when the following were ordered for execution on Wednesday the 14th instant; viz. Thomas Con-

nor, alias James Smith, for stealing upwards of 300 yards of silk out of the house of Mr. Edward Mason; and Richard Goodwell, for breaking the house of Mr. Sewell, in Brompton-row, to whom he was a servant, and stealing a quantity of wearing-apparel, silver spoons, and other things.

The following were reprieved during his majesty's pleasure: Joseph Priestly, alias Jubilee, alias Baker, and Abraham Vandhome, for breaking open the shop of William Warburton, in Shoreditch, and stealing several pieces of Irish linen, 3l. in money, several silver spoons, &c.

His Majesty has been pleased to grant a further respite for Benjamin Bates and John Green, until the 20th of September next.

Extract of a letter from Greenock, July 29.

"Captain Wardrop, in the Nancy, has this moment arrived from Rappahanock-river, Virginia, in twenty-six days, who informs us, that country was in the greatest distress, and every thing in confusion. The Oxford transport, belonging to Glasgow, was taken by one of Hopkins's Squadron, who took out the seamen, officers, and part of the military; the other part of the military, and the carpenter, they left, and put on board ten men to carry the ship to port. The carpenter with some of the military rose, and retook the ship; but in carrying her to James-river, she was again retaken by an American privateer."

10. Friday night last, Mr. Franklin, druggist, in Thames-street, was attacked on Tower-hill by three footpads, who robbed him of his watch and 15s. after which they endeavoured to throw him into the ditch, but were prevented by some persons coming up. The villains made off towards Rosemary-lane.

On Wednesday the assizes ended on the Crown side at Maidstone, before Lord Mansfield, when nineteen prisoners were tried, four of whom were capitally convicted, viz. Thomas Langford, for the murder of Mary Miffing; Matthew M'Mahon, for robbing Mr. Jackson, near Deptford, of 12l. James Hawkins, for privately stealing in the dwelling-house of Mr. Colhurst, at Chatham; and John Reynolds, for bestiality. The three last were reprieved before his Lordship left the town, and the other, for murder, was ordered for execution.

Yesterday the felons sentenced under what is called the Convict Bill, began to work in clearing the bed of the river, about two miles below Barking-creek.

The ballast lighter launched last week from Mr. Mott's yard at Limehouse-hole for the use of the convicts, is calculated to hold twenty-seven tons of ballast; on the larboard side, the gun-wail is considerably broader than

than in the common lighters; on the star-board side is a flooring about three feet broad, for the men to work on; and a machine called a David, with a windlass, is to be fixed on that side for raising the ballast. There is a part of the vessel decked in abaft, where the convicts are to lay, and another in the fore-castle, which is formed into a kind of cabin for the overfeer. Her outward appearance differs very little from a common lighter.

By an extract of a letter from Rycgate in Surry, on Saturday last, we hear that on the Thursday before, the most violent storm of thunder and lightning fell there that has been known for a number of years; several sheep were killed in the fields, and large trees split, but no human person received any hurt.

On Sunday morning early a fire broke out in the house of Mr. Wallace, biscuit-baker, in Cinnamon-street, Wapping, which consumed his dwelling-house, bake-house, and out-buildings, and greatly damaged six other houses. All Mr. Wallace's furniture and stock in trade were consumed; and Mr. Wallace, and his family with difficulty saved their lives.

Monday last a very large body of journey-men carpenters assembled in Stepney-fields, for the purpose of raising their wages; but Justice Sherwood having had previous notice of such meeting, he, with two other magistrates, Mr. Blackmore and Mr. Curtis, attended by the high-constable and peace-officers, where the men drew up in a ring, and received the justices with great respect, acquainting them with their supposed grievances, &c. and of the occasion of their meeting; on which the justices told them, if they would leave at Mr. Sherwood's office their case, or any plan they could wish to have put in force, they would give any assistance, but feared nothing but a bill in parliament to regulate their wages would do, as in the case of weavers; but, in the mean time, recommended to them to have no more of these large meetings abroad, as they tended (notwithstanding their pacific intentions) to many mischiefs through irregularity of drinking, and insisted on their immediately dispersing; which they instantly complied with cheerfully, without the least indecent or irregular behaviour.

On Monday evening, about six o'clock, as Mr. Bisset, linen-draper of Holborn, was on his return to town, he was stopped between Woodford and Woodford-hill by a single highwayman, genteelly dressed and well mounted, who demanded his money; on which Mr. Bisset gave him two guineas. He behaved very politely, and said that he was in a calamitous situation, and that he would return the money with interest if they met again, and things turned out to his expecta-

tion. He rode off full gallop through Woodford.

Tuesday morning last, about one o'clock, a fire broke out in a corn-mill, situate near the Red-house at Battersea-common, which burnt the mill and miller's dwelling-house, and part of the furniture; but by timely assistance it was prevented from spreading any further.

August 16. Yesterday at noon a young lad accidentally fell into the Thames, when Mr. Beaumont and Mr. Harris's apprentice, medical assistants to the Humane Society, were the happy instruments of restoring him to life, after he had been full a quarter of an hour under water.

There are now in circulation a number of counterfeit sixpences, an imitation of the Lima money of George the second, well executed, date 1746; not differing from the Tower money, but by a flatness on one part of the edge instead of being round.

Yesterday Mr. Alderman Lee laid a complaint against Captain Ross, who was one of the persons that brought home the Yankee privateer, for assaulting him on the Royal Exchange, by running his fist in his face, and saying, that that was not a proper place to decide the matter, &c. which made it believed the Alderman was in danger of his life; whereupon the Lord-mayor granted a warrant for apprehending the said Captain Ross, that he may be brought to justice.

Tuesday night, between eleven and twelve o'clock, the corpse of the Countess of Abes-corn who died a few days since, at her son's, the Earl of Abes-corn, in Grosvenor-square, was interred in their family vault in Westminster-abbey. Her ladyship was 100 years old.

Wednesday some workmen began digging up the spot in Smithfield, on which the bishops were burnt in the reign of Queen Mary; on which spot a toll-house already built is to be put up, and on which is to be fixed a bell, by the tolling of which the market is to be regulated.

17. A young gentleman, eldest son of Lord M---, and heir to an estate of 30,000*l.* per annum, put an end to his existence on Wednesday night last, at the Bedford Arms in Covent-garden. A few moments before he committed the rash act, he was in company with four women of the town, and Burnet the blind musician, drank hard, but did not express, either by words or actions, the least degree of despondency. He held the pistol close to his temple, as is conjectured, in order to prevent a loud explosion; and in case the first attempt should fail, had secured another ready charged, and laid it within his reach. After the women were dismissed, he ordered Burnet to go down stairs for about twenty-five minutes, who returning at the expiration

expiration of that time to the apartment, was the first who discovered, by the strong smell of gunpowder, the dreadful event. When the waiters entered, the deceased was discovered sitting, and in the same attitude in which it is supposed he committed the fact. The coroner's jury sat on the body, yesterday morning, and pronounced their verdict *suicide*.

No cause can be assigned by any of the unfortunate young man's friends for the perpetration of the above act; it seems he had indeed lost a sum of money (though not a very large one) which he was himself unable to pay, but which, through the friendly interposition of Lord G----- G-----, was yesterday to have been advanced by his father Lord M-----, who was to come to town the same day totally for that purpose. He has left a widow behind him, but fortunately no children to lament his loss.

23. Wednesday the Hon. Capt. Hope arrived express at Portsmouth, on board the Ranger loop of war, with dispatches for government, which were brought last night to Lord George Germaine's office.

A letter from Portsmouth, dated Aug. 21, says, "That Sir Peter Parker landed the troops at Long Island, near Charles-Town, South-Carolina; that the Bristol man of war with others, attacked the fort on the 27th of June; that they kept up a brisk fire, which lasted from eleven to five o'clock in the afternoon; they silenced the battery, and the same day orders came for General Clinton to join General Howe, and the troops were re-embarked. Captain Morris, of the Bristol, was wounded several times, the last of which was in the arm, when he went down, had it cut off, and afterwards came on deck, when he was killed. The lieutenant of the Acteon was also killed. Of the common men, 40 were killed, and 71 wounded on board the Bristol; one killed and three wounded on board the Acteon; 24 killed and 54 wounded, on board the Experiment; one killed and seven wounded on board the Solebay. In the whole, 66 were killed, and 138 wounded. The Bristol was set on fire twice by red hot balls; the Acteon ran on shore, and finding they could not get her off, they set her on fire, to prevent her falling into the hands of the rebels. The Syren and Sphynk also ran on shore, but were got off again."

BANKRUPTS.

Thomas Higgs the younger, of Streatham, in Berks, barge-master.

James Walker, of Petticoat-lane, soap-maker.

Samuel Groube, of Falmouth, in Cornwall, merchant.

David Grantham, of Chavely, in the county of Bucks, victualler and timber-dealer, John Cains, jun. late of Castle-Coombe, in Wilts, fellmonger.

George Butcher, of Millbank-street, Westminster, coal-merchant.

Jonathan Hampton, of Winchester, drafter.

Anthony Atcheson, of Sunderland near the Sea, in the county of Durham, dealer.

William Owen, of Pwllhell, in Carnarvonshire, shopkeeper.

William Bury, of St. Clement Danes, laceman.

John Jeanes, late of Petworth, in Sussex, but now of Broad Chalk, in Wilts, cordwainer, hop-merchant, and shopkeeper.

John Orr, of Manchester, linen-draper.

George Clayton, of Manchester, soap-boiler and tallow-chandler.

Edward Holding, of Little Britain, London, shopfeller.

Gideon Kingman, of East Harptree, in Somersetshire, carpenter and joiner.

John Heys, of Hale, in Lancashire, tallow-chandler and grocer.

James Fletcher, of Manchester, vintner.

Edward Jenkins, of Lynn, in Norfolk, vintner.

Riehard Bishop, of Holborn, Middlesex, baker.

David Rix, of Sweedland-court, Bishopsgate, soap-maker.

Samuel Cole, of Dartmouth, Devon, dealer and chapman.

John Law, Stratton-ground, Westminster, scrivener.

William Holyland, of West-Smithfield, linen-draper.

William Clarke and Robert Collins, of Pater-noster-Row, booksellers.

MARRIAGES.

Mr. Edward Kirby, blue-merchant, on St. Mary's Hill, to Miss Sparkes, of the same place.

By special licence, William Codrington, Bart. of Dodington, to the Hon. Miss Ward, daughter of the late Hon. William Ward.

Robert Hale, Esq. of Middlewich in Cheshire, to Miss Lovell, daughter of Mr. Lovell, attorney, of the Temple.

At Gosford Castle, in the county of Armagh, Ireland, Thomas St. George, Esq. Member of Parliament for Clogher, by the Lord Primate, to the Hon. Miss Acheson, daughter of Lord Gosford.

At Mitcham, in Surry, Thomas Thornton, Esq. to Miss Barnard, daughter of Emanuel Barnard, Esq. of Mitcham.

Mr. Powell, of Clearwell-hall, Gloucestershire, to Miss Elisabeth East, which is the

the fourth wife he has married of the same name.

At Kennington, Captain Bromfield, to Miss Celia Knapton, of Lymington, Hampshire.

At Shrewsbury, Henry Peale, Esq. one of the Clerks of the High Court of Chancery, to Miss Flint, daughter of ----- Flint, Esq. of Shrewsbury.

At St George's in the East, Hugh Inglis, Esq. a Portugal merchant, to Miss Cramond, a Creole by birth.

At Chiswick, John Roberts, Esq. of Windsor, to Miss Arabella Johnson, daughter of James Johnson, Esq.

At St. George's, Hanover-square, Capt. Lutwyche, of the Guards, to Miss Noah Thomas, only daughter of Sir Noah Thomas.

At Hampton, in Middlesex, Robert Parker, Esq. of Salford in Warwickshire, to Miss Lucy Henrietta Bird, eldest daughter of Martin Bird, Esq. of Nottingham.

At Muxton, Staffordshire, Joseph Green, Esq. of Birmingham, to Miss Betty Cotton, of Bellaport, youngest daughter of the late William Cotton, of Etwell in Derbyshire, Esq.

At Bradford in the county of York, Jeremiah Smith, Esq. of Woodside in Sussex, to Miss Leeds, youngest daughter of Edward Leeds, Esq. of Milford.

Isaac Sylvester, Esq. merchant, of Norwich, to Miss Esther Patience, of Spital-fields.

By special licence, the Honourable Charles Marham, to the Right Honourable Lady Frances Wyndham, daughter of the Right Honourable Charles late Earl of Egremont.

D E A T H S.

At Brompton, Mrs. Smith, wife of Capt. Smith of the navy.

Mr. William Curlew, timber-merchant, in Black's Fields.

At Mr. Sanxby's house in Friday-street, Nathaniel Barnardiston, Esq. formerly a wholesale linen-draper in Cheapside, but had retired from business.

At Glastonbury, Mrs. Sarah Brookman, widow, aged 106 years.

At Barton Meer, William Holingworth, Esq.

At Glasgow, Lieutenant John Hamilton, late of the 18th regiment of foot.

At his house in Grosvenor-place, the Right Honourable Charles Shaw Cathcart, Lord Cathcart, Lord High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, First Lord Commissioner of the Police in that kingdom, Lieutenant-general, Knight of the Thistle, and one of his Majesty's most Hon. Privy Council.

After a lingering illness, Mrs. Adlard, wife of Mr. Adlard, Printer, Bell-savage, Ludgate-hill.

The Rev. Mr. Willes, of Whitchurch in Middlesex.

In the 80th year of his age, Charles Hamilton, Esq. of Spittlehaugh in Scotland.

At his house at Redington, Mr. Thomas Hodgkin, of Watling-street.

At his lodgings at the Salopian coffee-house, Thomas Dunbar, Esq. late a merchant of Liverpool, and brother to Sir James Dunbar, Bart.

The Right Honourable John West, Earl Delawar, Viscount Cantaloupe, Colonel of the first troop of horse guards, a Lieutenant-general of his Majesty's forces, and Chamberlain to the Queen's household.

At his house near Billingsgate, Mr. William Jones, a Newfoundland trader.

At Bath, ----- Taylor, Esq. of Wells. Thomas Penny, Esq. of Queen's-square.

At Bristol, whither he went on account of his bad state of health, Mr. Smith, oil-merchant, in Holborn.

In Portland-street, the lady of ----- Newcomb, Esq.

At Shitnall, aged 128, Mary Yates.--- She married a third husband at 92, and was hearty and strong at 120 years.

At Terregles, in Scotland, the Right Honourable Mary, Viscountess Dowager of Kenmuire.

At Knaresborough, Duke Adams, Esq. of Camblesforth, late a Captain of dragoons.

